

# MARRIAGE A-la-Mode.

## A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
*THEATRE-ROYAL.*

---

*Written by John Dryden Esq;*

---

*Quicquid sum ego, quamvis  
Infra Lucilli censum ingeniumque, tamen me  
Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque  
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem  
Offendet solido.*

Horat. Serm.

---

*In the SAVOY.*  
Printed by Edw. Jones, for Henry Herringman, and are to be Sold by  
R. Bently, at the Post-Office in Russell-street in Covent-Garden. 1691.

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had taken their Models from the Court of France. But this my Lord, will be no wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your Lordship's Education. That which with more Reason is accounted in a Noble Education. That which with more Reason is accounted in a Noble Education. That which with more Reason is accounted in a Noble Education.

**TO THE**  
**RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
The Earl of

**ROCHESTER.**

My Lord,  
Humbly Dedicate to your Lordship that Poem, of which you were pleas'd to appear an early Patron before it was Acted on the Stage. I may yet go farther, with your Permission, and say, That it receiv'd amendment from your noble Hands, &er it was fit to be presented. You may please likewise to Remember, with how much favour to the Author, and indulgence to the Play, you Commended it to the view of His Majesty, then at Windsor, and by His Approbation of it in Writing, made way for its kind Reception on the Theatre. In this Dedication therefore, I may seem to imitate a Custom of the Ancients, who offer'd to their Gods the Firstlings of the Flock, which I think they call'd *Ver Sacrum*, because they help'd them to increase. I am sure if there be any thing in this Play, wherein I have rais'd my self beyond the ordinary townes of my Country, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favour of being admitted into your Lordship's Conversation. And not only I, who present not to this way, but the best Comick Writers of our Age, will joyn with me to acknowledge, that they have copied the Gallantries of Courts, the Delicacy of Expression, and the Decencies of Behaviour, from your Lordship, with more success, than if they had

been

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

had taken their Models from the Court of *France*. But this, my Lord, will be no wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your Natural Parts, and those you have acquir'd in a Noble Education. That which with more Reason I admire, is, that being so absolute a Courtier, you have not forget, either the Ties of Friendship, or the Practice of Generosity. In my little Experience of a Court, (which I Confess I desire not to improve) I have found in it much of Interest, and more of Detraction: Few Men there have that Assurance of a Friend, as not to be made Ridiculous by him, when they are absent. There are a middling sort of Courtiers, who become happy by their want of Wit; but they supply that want, by an excess of Malice to those who have it. And there is no such Persecution as that of Fools: They can never be considerable enough to be talk'd of themselves; so that they are safe only in their Obscurity, and grow mischievous to Witty Men, by the great diligence of their Envy, and by being always present to represent and aggravate their Faults. In the mean time they are forc'd, when they endeavour to be pleasant, to live on the Offals of their Wit, whom they decry; and either to quote it, (which they do unwillingly) or to pass it upon others for their own. These are the Men, who make it their Business to chase Wit from the Knowledge of Princes, lest it should disgrace their Ignorance. And this kind of Malice your Lordship has not so much avoided, as surmounted. But, if by the excellent Temper of a Royal Master, always more ready to hear good than ill, if by his Inclination to Love you, if by your own Merit and Address, if by the Charms of your Conversation, the Grace of your Behaviour, your Knowledge of Greatness, and Habit in Courts, you having been able to preferre your self with Honour in the midst of so dangerous a Court: yet at least the remembrance of those Hazards has inspir'd you with Pity for other Men, who being of an inferior Wit and Quality to you, are yet Persecuted, for being what in Little, which your Lordship is in Great. For the Quarrel of those People extends it self to any thing of Sense; and if I may be so Vain to own it amongst the rest of the Poets, has sometimes reach'd to the very Borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good Fortune had not rais'd up your Lordship to defend us, I know not whether any thing had been

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

been more Ridiculous in Court, than Writers. 'Tis to your Lordships Favour we generally owe our Protection and Patronage: And to the Nobleness of your Nature, which will not suffer the least shadow of your Wit to be Contemn'd in other Men: You have been often pleas'd, not only to excuse my Imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my Writings from their Censures. And, what I never can forget, you have not only been careful of my Reputation, but of my Fortune. You have been Sollicitous to supply my Neglect of my self; and to overcome the fatal Modesty of Poets, which submits them to perpetual wants, rather than to become importunate with those People, who have the Liberality of Kings in their disposing; and who, dishonouring the Bounty of their Master, suffer such to be in Necessity, who endeavour at least to please him: And for whose entertainment He has generously provided, if the Fruits of His Royal Favour were not often stopp'd in other Hands. But your Lordship has given me occasion, not to complain of Courts, whilst you are there. I have found the effects of your Mediation in all my Concernments; and they were so much the more Noble in you, because they were wholly voluntary. I became your Lordships, (if I may venture on the Similitude) as the World was made, without knowing him who made it; and brought only a Passive Obedience to be your Creature. This Nobleness of yours I think my self the rather oblig'd to own, because otherwise it must have been lost to all Remembrance: For you are endued with that excellent Quality of a frank Nature, to forget the Good which you have done.

But, my Lord, I ought to have consider'd, that you are as great a Judge, as you are a Patron; and that in Praising you ill, I shall incur a higher Note of Ingratitude, than that I thought to have avoided. I stand in need of all your accusom'd Goodness for the Dedication of this Play; which, though perhaps it be the best of my Comedies, is yet so faulty, that I should have fear'd you for my Critick, if I had not with some Policy given you the trouble of being my Protector. Wit seems to have lodg'd it self more Nobly in this Age, than in any of the former: And People of my mean Condition, are only Writers, because some of the Nobility, and your Lordship in the first place, are above the narrow Praises which Poets could give you. But let those who love to see themselves exceeded, encourage



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

courage your Lordship in so dangerous a Quality: For my own part, I must confess, that I have so much of self-Interest, as to be content with Reading some Papers of your Verses, without desiring you should proceed to a Scene or Play; with the common Prudence of those, who are worsted in a Duel, and declare they are satisfied when they are first Wounded. Your Lordship has but another step to make, and from the Patron of Wit, you may become its Tyrant; and oppress our little Reputations with more ease than you now protect them. But these, my Lord, are designs, which I am sure you harbour not any more than the *French King* is contriving the Conquest of the *Swissers*. 'Tis a barren Triumph, which is not worth your Pains, and would only rank him amongst your Slaves, who is already,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most Obedient,

and most Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Prologue.



# Prologue.

**L**ord, how Reform'd and quiet we are grown,  
Since all our Braves and all our Wits are gone :  
Pop-corn now is free from Civil War ;  
White-Wig and Vice no longer jar.  
France, and the Fleet, have swept the Town so clear,  
That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.  
'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd from home,  
To see our Warriours, in Red Wastecoats, come,  
With Hair suck'd up, into our Tiring-Room.  
But 'twas more sad to hear their last Adieu,  
The Women sob'd, and swore they would be true ;  
And so they wove, as long as e're they cou'd :  
But powerful Guinea cannot be withstood,  
And they were made of Play-house Flesh and Blood.  
Fate did their Friends for double use ordain,  
In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain,  
And Mistresses, for all that stay, maintain.  
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,  
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear.  
Poor pensivè Punk now peeps ere Plays begin,  
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in :  
But manages her last Half-Crown with care,  
And trundles to the Mall, on foot, for Air.  
Our City Friends so far will hardly come,  
They can take up with Pleasures nearer home ;  
And see gay Shows, and gawdy Scenes elsewhere :  
For we presume they seldom come to hear.  
But they have now ta'n up a glorious Trade,  
And cutting Moorcraft, struts in Masquerade.  
There's all our hope, for we shall show to Day,  
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play :  
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see,  
We scorn to come behind in Courtesie,  
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,  
And Treat 'em with a Room and Couch within.  
For that's one way, how e'er the Play fall short,  
To oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

Persons

# Persons Represented

## M E N.

By **J**  
**Polydamus**, Usurper of *Sicily* — **Mr. Winerball**  
**Leonidas**, the Rightful Prince, unknown — **Mr. Kynaston**  
**Argaleon**, Favourite to *Polydamus* — **Mr. Lydall**  
**Hermogenes**, Foster-Father to *Leonidas* — **Mr. Cartwright**  
**Eubulus**, his Friend and Companion — **Mr. Wason**  
**Rhodophil**, Captain of the Guards — **Mr. Mobbs**  
**Palamede**, a Courtier — **Mr. Hart**

## W O M E N

By  
**Palmyra**, Daughter to the Usurper — **Mrs. Cox**  
**Amalthea**, Sister to *Argaleon* — **Mrs. James**  
**Doralice**, Wife to *Rhodophil* — **Mrs. Marshall**  
**Melantha**, an affected Lady — **Mrs. Bowtell**  
**Philotis**, Woman to *Melantha* — **Mrs. Reece**  
**Belisa**, Woman to *Doralice* — **Mrs. Slade**  
**Artemis**, a Court Lady — **Mrs. Uphill**

## Scene, SICILY

## MARRIAGE

# Marriage A-la-Mode.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Walks near the Court.*

*Enter Doralice and Beliza.*

**Dor.** *Beliza, bring the Lute into this Arbour, the Walks are empty:*

**B.** *I would try the Song the Princess Amalthea had me learn.* *They go in and Sing.*

**W**hy should a foolish Marriage Vow  
Which long ago was made,

Oblige us to each other now

When Passion is decay'd?

*We lov'd, and are lov'd, as long as we cou'd,*

*Till our love was lov'd out in us both:*

*But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled:*

*'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.*

2.

*If I have Pleasures for a Friend,*

*And farther Love in store,*

*What wrong has he whose Joys did end,*

*And who cou'd give no more?*

*'Tis a Madness that he*

*Should be Jealous of me,*

*Or that I shou'd bar him of another?*

*For all we can gain,*

*Is to grow our selves Pain,*

*When neither can hinder the other.*

*Enter Palamede, in Riding Habit, and bears the Song.*

*Re-enter Doralice and Beliza.*

**Bel.** *Madam, a Stranger.*

**Dor.** *I did not think to have had Witnesses of my bad Singing.*

**Pal.** *If I have err'd Madam, I hope you'll Pardon the Curiosity of*

# Marriage A-la-Mode:

a Stranger; for I may well call my so, after five years absence from the Court; But you have freed me from one Error.

Dor. What's that, beseech you?

Pala. I thought good Voices, and ill Faces, had been inseparable; and that to be Fair, and Sing well, had been only the privilege of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of these fine Things can you say to me.

Pala. Very few, Madam, for if I should continue to see you some hours longer; you look so killingly, that I should be Mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You Travelling Monsieur live upon the Stock you have got abroad, for the first day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit. And commonly, your Gullets are few'd up like Cormorants: When you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leanest things in Nature.

Pala. Then, Madam, I think you had best make that use of me; let me wait on you for two or three days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary in other Countries: And one Thing which I never saw till I came home, that is, a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit, than any I have seen abroad. And after this, if I should not declare my self most Passionately in Love with you, I should have less Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I see, Sir, you have been Travelling in Spain or Italy, or some of the hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you sure these are not Words of Course? For I would not give my poor Heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

Pala. Your Heart may trust it self with me safely; I shall use it very Civilly while it stays, and never turn it away, without fair warning to provide for it self.

Dor. First, then, I do receive your Passion with as little Consideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours. And now see what a miserable Wretch you have made your self.

Pala. Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I despise Fortune.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of Vain Imagination; know, to thy utter Confusion, that I am Virtuous.

Pala. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghost.

Dor. Then, to strike you quite Dead, know, that I am Marry'd too.

Pala. Art thou Marry'd; O thou damnable Virtuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, Marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you despair and hang your self.

Pala. Well, in spite of all that, I'll Love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be Marry'd within these three days. Marry'd past Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and Virtuous Lady: And, it shall go hard, but I will Love my Wife as little, as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember, I invade no propriety: My Servant you are only till you are Marry'd.

Pala.



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*Pala.* In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

*Dor.* And you, that you are to have a Wife.

*Bel.* *Aide to her Lady.* O Madam, my Lord's just at the end of the Walks; and, if you make not haste, will discover you.

*Dor.* Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk further of the Premises; in the mean while, break not my first Commandment, that is, Not to follow me.

*Pala.* But where, then, shall I find you again?

*Dor.* At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

*Pala.* And Nights, I beseech you, Madam. *[Exit Dor. and Belizar]*

*Pala.* Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou hast done my business at one Stroke: Yet I must Marry another; — and yet I must Love this; and if it lead me into some little Inconveniencies, as Jealousies, and Duels, and Death, and so forth; yet while sweet Love is in the case, *Fortune* do thy worst, and avant Morality.

*Enter Rodophil, who seems Speaking to one within.*

*Rho.* Leave 'em with my Lieutenant, while I fetch new Orders from the King. How? *Palamede*! *See: Palamede.*

*Pala. Rodophil!*

*Rho.* Who thought to have seen you in Sicily?

*Pala.* Who thought to have found the Court so far from *Syracuse*?

*Rho.* The King best knows the Reason of the Progress. But Answer me, I beseech you. What brought you home from Travel?

*Pala.* The Commands of an old rich Father.

*Rho.* And the hopes of Burying him.

*Pala.* Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my good Nature. In few words, my old Man has already Marry'd me; for he has agreed with another old Man, as Rich and as Covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Consent, for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to Marry.

*Rho.* Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife; and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.

*Pala.* I know not that; but Obey I will, and must.

*Rho.* Then I cannot chide but grieve for all the good Girls and Courtizans of *France* and *Italy*. They have lost the most kind-hearted, doting, prodigal, humble Servant in *Europe*.

*Pala.* All I could do in these three years I stay'd behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the loss of you. But what's the Reason that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

*Rho.* Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me. The greatest Misfortune imaginable is fall'n upon me.

*Pala.* Prighee. What's the matter?

*Rho.* In one word, I am Marry'd; wretchedly Marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in spite of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.

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*Pala.* I find you have Sold your self for filthy lucre; she's old, or ill-Condition'd.

*Rbo.* No, none of these: I'm sure she's young; and for her Humour, she Laughs, Sings, and Dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

*Pala.* You're very unfortunate indeed! Then the case is plain, she is not handsome.

*Rbo.* A great Beauty too, as People say.

*Pala.* As People say: Why, you should know that best your self.

*Rbo.* Ask those, who have smelt to a strong Perfume two years together, what's the Scent.

*Pala.* But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

*Rbo.* Ay, too many, *Palamede*, if I could put 'em into three or four Women; I should be content.

*Pala.* O, now I have found it, you dislike her for no other Reason, but because she's your Wife.

*Rbo.* And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory; I remember, indeed, that about two years ago I Lov'd her Passionately; but those Golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: Yet I Lov'd her a whole half year, double the Natural term of any Mistress, and think in my Conscience I could have held out another quarter; but then the World began to Laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Fashion seiz'd me: At last, we arriv'd at that Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another; yet still I set a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like Lions in a Room, she one way, and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other so far distant, as if the fashion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife sufficiently asunder.

*Pala.* The Truth is, your Disease is very desperate; but though you cannot be Cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you must get you a Mistress, *Rodophil*: That, indeed, is living upon Cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another. You're like a Gamester, who has lost his Estate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the advantages of Play, and can arrive to live upon't.

*Rbo.* Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your Counsel; and, faith, considering the Damn'd disadvantages of a Marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for a poor humble Sinner that is not Ambitious of great Matters.

*Pala.* What is she for a Woman?

*Rbo.* One of the Stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one quality, just such a Woman as I would wish.

*Pala.* O Friend, this is not an Age to be Critical in Beauty: When we had good store of handsome Women, and but few Chapmen, you might have been more curious in your choice; but now the price is enhanc'd upon us, and all Mankind set up for Mistresses, so that poor little Creatures, without Beauty, Birth, or Breeding, but only Impudence,

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denice, go off at unreasonable Rates; and a Man, in these hard times, snaps at 'em, as he does at broad Gold, never examines the weight, but takes light, or heavy, as he can get it.

*Rbo.* But my Mistress has one Fault that's almost unpardonable; for being a Town-Lady without any relation to the Court, yet she thinks her self undone, if she be not seen there three or four times a day, with the Princess *Amalthea*. And for the King, she haunts, and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

*Pala.* Yet, hitherto, methinks, you are no very unhappy Man.

*Rbo.* With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court, she's the most eternal visiter of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

*Pala.* I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

*Rbo.* No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new French Word; she's the very Mint of the Nation, and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, Coins it immediately into our Language.

*Pala.* And her Name is——

*Rbo.* No Naming; that's not like a Cavalier. Find her, if you can, by my Description; and I am not so ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

*Pala.* Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

*Rbo.* 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear I cannot tell; for this insufferable humour of haunting the Court, is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her Assignations with me, for fear of missing her Visits there.

*Pala.* That's the hardest part of your Adventure; but, for ought I see, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a strange kind of Mistress too in Court, besides her I am to Marry.

*Rbo.* You have made haste to be in Love then for, if I am not mistaken, you are but this day arriv'd.

*Pala.* That's all one, I have seen the Lady already, who has charm'd me, seen her in these Walks, Courted her, and receiv'd for the first time, an Answer that does not put me into Despair.

*To them, Argaleon, Amalthea, Artemis.*

I'll tell you at more leisure my Adventures. The Walks fill apace, I see. Stay, is not that the young Lord *Argaleon*, the King's Favourite?

*Rbo.* Yes, and as Proud as ever, as Ambitious, and as Revengful.

*Pala.* How keeps he the King's Favour with these Qualities?

*Rbo.* *Argaleon's* Father helpt him to the Crown: Besides, he gilds over all his Vices to the King, and standing in the dark to him, sees all his Inclinations, Interests and Humours, which he so times and foorths, that in effect, he Reigns.

*Pala.*



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*Pale.* His Sister *Amalthea*, who I guess stands by him, seems not to be of his Temper.

*Rho.* O, she's all Goodness and Generosity.

*Arge.* *Rhodophil*, the King expects you earnestly.

*Rho.* 'Tis done, my Lord, what he Commanded. I only waited his return from Hunting. Shall I attend your Lordship to him?

*Arge.* No; I go first another way.

*Amal.* To *Rhod.* after a short Whisper. Your Friend. Then he must needs be of much Merit.

*Rho.* When he has kiss'd the King's Hand, I know he'll beg the Honour to kiss yours. Come, *Polydamus*.

*Arge.* Madam, you tell me most surprising News.

*Amal.* The fear of it, you see, not Has compos'd my Brother; but to me

All that can bring my Country good is welcome.

*Arge.* 'Tis seems incredible, that this old King, Whom all the World thought Childless,

Should come to fetch the farthest parts of *Sicily* In hope to find an Heir.

*Amal.* To lessen your Astonishment, I will Unfold some private Passages of State

Of which you yet are ignorant: Know first

That this *Polydamus*, who reigns, was only Gain'd the Crown.

*Arge.* Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.

*Amal.* I'll tell you all in brief: *Theagenes*, Our last great King,

Had, by his Queen, one only Son, an Infant Of three years old, call'd, after him, *Theagenes*.

The General, this *Polydamus*, then Married: The publick Feasts for which were scarcely paid.

When a Rebellion in the heart of *Sicily* Call'd out the King to Arms.

*Arge.* *Polydamus* Had then a just excuse to stay behind.

*Amal.* His Temper was too warlike to accept it: He left his Bride, and the new Joys of Marriage

And follow'd to the Field. In short, they fought, The Rebels were overcome; but in the Fight

The too bold King receiv'd a mortal Wound When he perceiv'd his End approaching near.

He call'd the General, to whose Care he left His Widow Queen, and Orphan Son, then call'd

*Arge.* Then false *Polydamus* betray'd his Trust.

*Amal.* He did, and with my Father's help, for which Heaven Pardon him, to gain'd the Soldiers Hearts.

That





# Marriage A-la-Mode.

Enter Rhodophil and Palamede.

O here he is. Have you perform'd my Will?

Rho. Sir, those whom you Commanded me to bring,  
Are waiting in the Walks.

Poly. ———— Conduct 'em hither.

Rho. First give me leave

To beg your Notice of this Gentleman.

Poly. He seems to merit so. His Name and Quality?

Rho. Palamede, Son to the Lord Gladiolus of Palmyra,  
And new return'd from Travell.

Palamede approaches, and kneels to his Kings Hand.

Poly. ———— You're welcome.

I knew your Father, well, he was both brave,

And honest; we two once were fellow Soldiers,

In the last Civil Wars.

Pala. I bring the same unquestion'd honesty

And zeal to serve your Majesty; the Courage,

You were pleas'd to praise in him, is still the same.

Your Royal Prudence, and your Peoples Love,

Will never give me leave to try like him

In Civil Wars, I hope it may in Foreign.

Poly. Attend the Court, and it shall be my care

To find out some Employment worthy you.

Go, Rhodophil, and bring in those without. [Exit Rho. and Pala.]

Rhodophil returns again immediately, and with him.

Enter Hermogenes, Leonidas, and Palmyra.

Behold two Miracles

Of different Sexes, but of equal Form:

So matchless both, that my divided Soul

Can scarcely ask the Gods a Son, or Daughter.

For fear of losing one. If from your Hands

You Powers, I shall this day receive a Daughter,

Argaleon, she is yours; but if a Son,

Then Amalthea's Love shall make him happy.

Arga. Grant, Heav'n, this admirable Nymph may prove

That Issue which he seeks.

Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a Goddess,

Grant that sweet Youth may prove the Prince of Sicily.

Poly. Tell me, old Man, and tell me true, from whence [To Her.]

Had you that Youth and Maid?

Her. ———— From whence you had

Your Scepter, Sir. I had 'em from the Gods.

Poly. The Gods then have not such another Gift.

Say who their Parents were.

Her.

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*Her.* ————— My Wife, and Let He say what he will.

*Arga.* It is not likely, a Virgin of so excellent a Beauty Should come from such a Stock.

*Amal.* Much less, that such a Youth, so sweet, so graceful, Should be produc'd from Peasants.

*Her.* Why, Nature is the same in Villages, And much more fit to form a Noble Issue Where it is least corrupted.

*Poly.* He talks, too like a Man that knew the World To have been long a Peasant. But the Rack Will teach him other Language. Hence with him.

[As the Guards are carrying him away, his Peruke falls off.

Sure I have seen that Face before. *Hermogenes*

'Tis he, 'tis he, who fled away with *Eubulus*,

And with my dear *Eudoxia*.

*Her.* Yes, Sir, I am *Hermogenes*.

And if to have been Loyal be a Crime,

I stand prepar'd to suffer.

*Poly.* If thou would'st live, speak quickly,

What is become of my *Eudoxia*?

Where is the Queen, and young *Theogenes*?

Where *Eubulus*? And which of these is mine? *[Pointing to Leon.*

*Her.* *Eudoxia* is Dead, so is the Queen, and *Palm*.

The Infant King her Son, and *Eubulus*.

*Poly.* Traitor, 'tis false: Produce 'em, or —

*Her.* ————— Once more

I tell you, they are dead; but leave to threaten,

For you shall know no further.

*Poly.* Then prove indulgent to my Hopes, and be

My Friend for ever. Tell me, good *Hermogenes*,

Whose Son is that brave Youth?

*Her.* ————— Sir, he is yours.

*Poly.* Fool that I am, thou seest that so I will it,

And so thou flatter'st me.

*Her.* ————— By all that's Holy.

*Poly.* Again, thou canst not swear too deeply.

Yet hold, I will believe thee: yet I doubt.

*Her.* You need not, Sir.

*Arga.* Believe him not; he sees you Credulous,

And would impose his own base Issue on you,

And fix it to your Crown.

*Amal.* Behold his goodly Shape and Feature, Sir,

Methinks he much resembles you.

*Arga.* I say, if you have any Issue here,

It must be that fair Creature;

By all my Hopes I think so.

*Amal.* Yes, Brother, I believe you by your Hopes.

C

For

For they are all for her.

*Poly.* ———— Call the Youth nearer on a word.

*Her.* *Leonidas*, the King would speak with you.

*Poly.* Come near, and be not dazzled with the Splendor  
And greatness of a Court.

*Leon.* I need not this incouragement.

I can fear nothing but the Gods.

And for this Glory, after I have seen

The Canopy of State spread wide above

In the Abyſs of Heaven, the Court of Stars,

The blushing Morning, and the rising Sun,

What greater can I see?

*Poly.* This speaks the Born a Prince; thou art thy self, { Embracing him.

That rising Son, and shalt not see on Earth,

A brighter than thy self. — All of you Witnesses,

That for my Son I here receive this Youth,

This brave, this ——— but I must not Praise him further,

Because he now is mine.

*Leon.* I wonnot, Sir, believe, [kneeling.]

That I am made your sport;

For I find nothing in my self, but what

Is much above a Scorp; I dare give credit

To whatſoe'er a King, like you, can tell me.

Either I am, or will deserve to be your Son.

*Arga.* I yet maintain it is impossible

This young Man should be yours; for, if he were,

Why should *Hermogenes* so long conceal him?

When he might gain so much by his discovery?

*Her.* I stay'd a while to make him worthy, Sir, of you. { To the King.

But in that time I found

Somewhat within him, which so mov'd my love,

I never could resolve to part with him.

*Leon.* You ask too many Questions, and are [To Argaleon.]

Too fawcy for a Subject.

*Arga.* You rather over-act your part, and are

Too soon a Prince.

*Lech.* ———— Too soon you'll find me one.

*Poly.* Enough, *Argaleon*;

I have declar'd him mine; And you, *Leonidas*;

Live well with him I Love.

*Arga.* Sir, if he be your Son, I may have leave

To think your Queen had Twins; look on this Virgin;

*Hermogenes* would enviously deprive you

Of half your Treasure.

*Her.* ———— Sir, she is my Daughter.

I could, perhaps, thus aided by this Lord,

Prefer her to be yours; but Truth forbid



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I should procure her greatness by a Lie.

*Poly.* Come hither, beauteous Maid: Are you not sorry  
Your Father will not let you pass for mine?

*Palm.* I am Content to be what Heav'n has made me.

*Poly.* Could you not With your self a Princess then?

*Palm.* Not to be Sister to *Leonidas*,

*Poly.* Why, my sweet Maid?

*Palm.* ——— Indeed I cannot tell;

But I could be content to be his Handmaid.

*Arga.* I wish I had not seen her.

[*Aside.*

*Palm.* I must weep for your good Fortune;

[*To Leonidas.*

Pray Pardon me, indeed I cannot help it.

*Leonidas*, (alas, I had forgot,

Now I must call you Prince) but must I leave you?

*Leon.* I dare not speak to her; for if I should,

[*Aside.*

I must weep too.

*Poly.* No, you shall live at Court, sweet Innocence,

And see him there. *Hermogenes*,

Though you intended not to make me happy,

Yet you shall be Rewarded for th'event.

Come, my *Leonidas*, let's thank the Gods;

Thou for a Father, I for such a Son.

[*Exeunt all but Leon. and Pal.*

*Leon.* My dear *Palmyra*, many Eyes observe me,

And I have Thoughts so tender, that I cannot

In publick Speak 'em to you: Some Hours hence

I shall shake off these crowds of fawning Courtiers.

And then ———

[*Exit Leonidas.*

*Palm.* Fly swift, you Hours, you measure time for me in vain,

Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.

Be shorter now; and to redeem that wrong,

When he and I are met, be twice as long.

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Melantha and Philotis.*

*Phil.* Count *Rhodophil's* a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I  
think deserves your Affection.

*Mel.* Let me die but he's a fine Man; he Sings, and Dances *en Fran-*  
*cois*, and writes the *Billers Doux* to a Miracle.

*Phil.* And those are no small Talents to a Lady that understands, and  
values the French Ayr, as your Ladyship does.

*Mel.* How Charming is the French Air! And what an *Etourdy Bete* is  
one of our untravel'd Islanders! when he would make his Court to me,  
let me die, but he is just *Afop's* As, that would imitate the Courtly  
French

French in his Addresses; but, instead of those, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things to *Madam* exactly.

*Phil.* 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil*'s a Married Man, that you may not have an Honourable Intrigue with him.

*Mel.* Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phrase; I have lost that Word by: *Amour* sounds better. But thou art Heir to all my cast Words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe. Oh Count *Rhodophil*! Ah mon cher! I could Live and Die with him.

*Enter Palamede and a Servant*

*Ser.* Sir, this is my Lady.

*Pala.* Then this is she that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in Love.

[Bows to her, delivering a Letter.]  
This Letter, Madam, which I present you from your Father, has given me both the happy opportunity and the boldness, to kiss the fairest Hands in Sicily.

*Mel.* Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

*Pala.* But yesterday, Madam.

*Mel.* [Reading the Letter] Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy; (Oh *Venus*, a new Servant sent me! And let me Die but he has the Air of a Gallant *Homme*) his Father is the Rich Lord *Cleodemus*, our Neighbour: I suppose you'll find nothing disagreeable in his Person or his Converse; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in Town within these three days; so that you have nothing to do, but to Obey your careful Father.

(To *Pala.*) Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your passionate Addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplished a Cavalier.

*Pala.* I want many Things, Madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of 'em, is your Favour.

*Mel.* Let me Die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely French; but yet Count *Rhodophil* ——— A Gentleman, Sir, that understands the *Grand Mond* so well, who has haunted the best Conversations, and who (in short) has Voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

*Pala.* (Aside) Hay day! *Grand Mond*! Conversation! Voyag'd! and good Graces! I find my Mistribs is one of those that run Mad in new French Words.

*Mel.* I suppose, Sir, you have made the *Tour of France*; and having seen all that's fine there, will make a considerable Reformation in the rudeness of our Court: For, let me Die, but an unfashion'd, untravel'd, meer *Sicilian*, is a Bete; and has nothing in the world of an *honnete Homme*.

*Pala.* I must confess, Madam, That ———

*Mel.* And what new *Minuets* have you brought over with you! their

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their *Minouets* are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian Figs* are so dull and sad to 'em!

*Pal.* For *Minouets*, Madam——

*Mel.* And what new Plays are there in Vogue? And who Danc'd best in the last Grand Ballet? Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me all.

*Pal.* (*Aside*) Tell her all? Why, she asks all, and will hear nothing—— To Answer in order, Madam, to your Demands——

*Mel.* I am thinking what a happy Couple we shall be! for you shall keep up your Correspondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have first.

*Pal.* But, Madam, our Fortune——

*Mel.* I understand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the manage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

*Pal.* Alas, Madam, we——

*Mel.* Then we will never make Visits together, nor see a Play, but always apart; you shall be every day at the King's *Levee*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

*Phil.* Madam, the new Prince is just pass'd by the end of the Walk.

*Mel.* The new Prince, say'st thou? Adieu, dear Servant; I have not made my Court to him these two long Hours. O, 'tis the sweetest Prince! so obligant, charmant, ravissant, that—— Well, I'll make haste to kiss his Hands; and then make half a score Visits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling. [*Exit, running with Philotis.*]

*Pal.* (*Solus*) Now Heaven, of thy Mercy, bless me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field against a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French Gibberish*. 'Tis true, in the day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field-Room to run from it; but, to be shut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot support it: I must kiss all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down, like a Boy at Cuffs, nay, and give her the rising blow every time she begins to Speak.

Enter Rhodophil.

But here comes *Rhodophil*. 'Tis pretty odd that my Mistress should so much resemble his: The same News-monger, the same passionate lover of a Court, the same—— But *Basta*, since I must Marry her, I'll say nothing, because he shall not Laugh at my Misfortune.

*Rho.* Well, *Palamède*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've seen your Mistress?

*Pal.* I have so.

*Rho.* And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, chosen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

*Pal.* She's much handsomer than I could have imagin'd: In short, I Love her, and will Marry her.

*Rho.* Then you are quite off from your other Mistress?

*Pal.* You are mistaken, I intend to Love 'em both, as a reasonable Man.



Man ought to do. For since all Women have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em should help out t'other.

*Rbo.* This were a blessed Doctrine, indeed, if our Wives would hear it; but they're their own Enemies: If they would suffer us but now and then to make Excursions, the benefit of our variety would be theirs; instead of one continu'd, lazy, tyr'd Love, they would, in their turns, have twenty vigorous, fresh, and active Loves.

*Pal.* And I would ask any of 'em, whether a poor narrow Brook, half dry the best part of the year, and running ever one way, be to be compar'd to a lussy Stream, that has Ebbs and Flows?

*Rbo.* Ay; or is half so profitable for Navigation.

*Enter Doralice, walking by, and Reading.*

*Pal.* Ods my Life. *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counsel?

*Rbo.* Yes: Where's the Secret?

*Pal.* There 'tis.

I may tell you, as my Friend, *sub sigillo, &c.* this is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in Love.

*Rbo.* By all that's virtuous, my Wife!

*Pal.* You look strangely; how do you like her? Is she not very handsome?

*Rbo.* Sure he abuses me.

Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment?

*Pal.* You are so dogged now, you think no Man's Mistress handsome but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has Wit, I assure you.

*Rbo.* This is too much, *Palamede*.

*Pal.* Prithce do not hang back so: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the most bashful Fellow,

*Dor.* Were you so near, and would not speak, dear Husband?

*Pal.* Husband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine piece of Work for my self.

*Rbo.* Pray, Spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

*Dor.* Who, I acquainted with this Stranger?

To my best Knowledge, I never saw him before.

*Enter Melantha, at the other end.*

*Pal.* Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me.

*Rbo.* *Palamede*, this must not pass so: I must know your Mistress a little better.

*Pal.* It shall be your own fault else. Come, I'll introduce you.

*Rbo.* Introduce me! where!

*Pal.* There. To my Mistress.

*Rbo.*

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*Rbo.* Who? *Melantha!*  
*O* heavens, I did not see her.

*Pal.* But I did: I am an Eagle where I Love;  
I have seen her this half hour.

*Dor.* (*Aside*) I find he has Wit, he has got off so readily; but it would anger me, if he should love *Melantha*.

*Rbo.* (*Aside*.) Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd: I find he's to be marry'd to my Mistress.

*Pal.* Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her?

*Rbo.* No, you need not; I have the honour to have some small Acquaintance with her.

*Pal.* (*Aside*.) *O Jupiter!* What a Blockhead was I not to find it out! My Wife that must be, is his Mistress. I did a little suspect it before; well, I must marry her, because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited for a younger Brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodophil*, because I love his Wife.

(*To Rhodo.*) I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any mistake; and, withal, to beg the honour of being known to her.

*Rbo.* O, that's but reason. Hark you, Spouse, pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my Knowledge, you have never seen before this hour.

*Dor.* I'm so obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands shall ever be a Law to me.

*Enter Melantha again, hastily, and runs to embrace Doralice.*

*Mela.* O, my dear, I was just going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was so happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindest Person in the World to me; let me die, if he is not.

*Dor.* He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore——

*Mel.* That imports not: Though he has not seen the *Grand Mond*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court, most absolutely.

*Pal.* But yet, Madam, he——

*Mel.* O, Servant, you can testify, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promis'd him this Afternoon to—— But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret.

[*Whispers to Doralice.*

*Rbo.* The Devil's in me, that I must Love this Woman. [*Aside.*

*Pal.* The Devil's in me, that I must Marry this Woman. [*Aside.*

*Mel.* *Raising her Voice.* So the Prince and I—— But you must make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband should hear it, or my Tyrant, there, that must be.

*Pal.* Well, fair impertinent, your whisper is not lost, we hear you. [*Aside.*

*Dor.* I understand then, that——

*Mel.*

*Mel.* I'll tell you my dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and press'd it at a *derobbée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, in suite; said a thousand Gallantries, or let me Die, my Dear.

*Dor.* Then I am sure you—

*Mel.* You are mistaken, my dear.

*Dor.* What, before I speak?

*Mel.* But I know your meaning; you think, my dear, that I assum'd something of *fierté* into my Countenance, to *rebuter* him; but, quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to express it in our dull *Stilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjoué*; and said nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not pass upon me.

*Enter Artemis:* Melantha sees her, and runs away from Doralice.

*To Artemis.* My dear, I must beg your Pardon, I was just making a loose from Doralice, to pay my Respects to you: Let me die, if I ever pass time so agreeably as in your Company, and if I would leave it for any Lady's in *Sicily*.

*Arte.* The Prince's Amalthæa is coming this way.

*Enter Amalthæa:* Melantha runs to her.

*Mel.* O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Gallebe*, so often, to tell you of a new Amour, betwixt two Persons whom you would little suspect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-Horses be not Dead; and another quite tyr'd, and sunk under the *fatigue*.

*Amal.* O, Melantha, I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

*Mel.* The Prince, O sweet Prince! He and I are to— and I forgot it. — Your Pardon, sweet Madam, for my abruptness. Adieu, my Dears. Servant, *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant, all,

*Amal.* *Rhodophil*, a Word with you.

*Dor.* To *Pal.* Why do you not follow your Mistress, Sir?

*Pal.* Follow her! Why, at this rate she'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour.

*Dor.* However, if you can't follow her all day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

*Pal.* But can you, in Charity, suffer me to be so Mortify'd, without affording me some Relief? If it be but to punish that sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull insipid taste, who leaves such delicious fare at home, to Dine abroad on worse Meat, and to pay dear for't into the bargain.

*Dor.* All this is in Vain: Assure your self, I will never admit of any Visit from you in private.

*Pal.* That is to tell me, in other Words, my Condition is desperate.

*Dor.* I think you in so ill a Condition, that I am resolv'd to Pray for you



you this very Evening, in the close Walk, behind the Terras; for that's a private place, and there I am sure no Body will disturb my Devotions. And so good Night, Sir. [Exit.]

*Pal.* This is the newest way of making an Appointment, I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so Prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to joyn my own with 'em. [Exit.]

*Amal.* (To Rhodophil) I know already they do not Love each other; and that my Brother acts but a forc'd Obedience to the Kings Commands; so that, if a quarrel should arise betwixt the Prince and him, I were most miserable on both sides.

*Rho.* There shall be nothing wanting in me, Madam, to prevent so sad a Consequence.

*Enter the King, Leonidas; the King Whispers Amalthea.*

(To himself) I begin to hate this *Palamede*, because he is to Marry my Mistress: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Case when a Man must go by his Rival to his Mistress: But 'tis at worst but using him like a pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all day, I'll throw him off at Night.

*Amal.* (To the King) This Honour is too great for me to hope.

*Poly.* You shall this Hour have the Assurance of it.

*Leonidas,* come hither; you have heard, I doubt not, that the Father of this Princess Was my most Faithful Friend, while I was yet A private Man; and when I did assume This Crown, he serv'd me in that high attempt. You see then, to what Gratitude obliges me; Make your Addresses to her.

*Leon.* Sir, I am yet too young to be a Courtier; I should too much betray my Ignorance. And want of breeding to so fair a Lady.

*Amal.* Your Language speaks you not bred up in Desarts, But in the softness of some *Asian* Court, Where Luxury and Ease invent kind Words, To cozen tender Virgins of their Hearts.

*Poly.* You need not doubt But in what Words soe'er a Prince can offer His Crown and Person, they will be receiv'd. You know my Pleasure, and you know your Duty.

*Leon.* Yes, Sir, I shall Obey, in what I can.

*Poly.* In what you can, *Leonidas*? Consider, He's both your King, and Father, who commands you. Besides, what is there hard in my Injunction?

D

*Leon.*

*Leon.* 'Tis hard to have my Inclination forc'd,  
I would not Marry, Sir; and when I do,  
I hope you'll give me freedom in my choice.

*Poly.* View well this Lady,  
Whose Mind as much Transcends her Beauteous Face,  
As that excells all others.

*Amal.* My Beauty, as it ne'er could merit Love,  
So neither can it beg: And, Sir, you may  
Believe that what the King has offer'd you,  
I should refuse, did I not value more  
Your Person than your Crown.

*Leon.* ———— Think is not Pride,  
Of my new Fortunes swell me to condemn you;  
Think less, that I want Eyes to see your Beauty;  
And least of all think Duty wanting in me  
To Obey a Father's Will: But

*Poly.* ———— But what, *Leonidas*?  
For I must know your Reason; and be sure  
It be convincing too.

*Leon.* ———— Sir, ask the Stars,  
Which have impos'd Love on us like a fate,  
Why Minds are bent to one, and fly another?  
Ask why all Beauties cannot move all Hearts?  
For though there may  
Be made a rule for Colour or for Feature;  
There can be none for liking.

*Poly.* *Leonidas*, you owe me more  
Than to oppose your liking to my Pleasure.

*Leon.* I owe you all Things, Sir; but something too  
I owe my self.

*Poly.* You shall dispute no more; I am a King,  
And I will be obey'd.

*Leon.* You are a King, Sir; but you are no God;  
Or if you were, you could not force my Will.

*Poly.* But you are just, you Gods; O you are just, [Aside.]  
In punishing the Crimes of my Rebellion:  
With a Rebellious Son!

Yet I can punish him, as you do me.  
*Leonidas*, there is no jesting with

My will: I ne'er had done so much to gain  
A Crown, but to be absolute in all Things.

*Amal.* O, Sir, be not so much a King, as to  
Forget you are a Father: Soft Indulgence  
Becomes that Name. Though Nature gives you Power,  
To bind his Duty, 'tis with filken Bonds:

Command him, then, as you command your self;  
He is as much a part of you, as are

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Your Appetite, and Will, and those you force not,  
But gently Bend, and make 'em pliant to your Reason.

*Poly.* It may be I have us'd too rough a way;

Forgive me, my *Leonidas*; I know

I lie as open to the gusts of passion,

As the bare Shore to every beating Surge:

I will not force thee now; but I intreat thee,

Absolve a Father's vow, to this fair Virgin:

A vow, which hopes of having such a Son

First caus'd.

*Leon.* Shew not my disobedience by your Prayers;

For I must still deny you, though I now

Appear more guilty to my self, than you:

I have some reasons, which I cannot utter,

That force my disobedience; yet I mourn

To death, that the first thing you e're enjoyn'd me,

Should be that only one command in Nature

Which I could not obey.

*Poly.* I did descend too much below my self

When I intreated him. Hence, to thy Desert,

Thou'rt not my Son, or art not fit to be

*Amal.* Great Sir, I humbly beg you, make not me

[*Knelling.*]

The cause of your displeasure. I absolve

Your vow: far, far from me, be such designs;

So wretched a desire of being great,

By making him unhappy. You may see

Something so noble in the Prince his nature,

As grieves him more not to obey, than you

That you are not obey'd.

*Poly.* ——— Then, for your sake,

I'll give him one day longer to consider

Not to deny; for my resolves are firm

As fate, that cannot change.

[*Exeunt King and Amal.*]

*Leon.* ——— And so are mine.

This beauteous Princess, charming as she is,

Could never make me happy: I must first

Be false to my *Palmyra*, and then wretched.

But, then, a Father's anger!

Suppose he should recede from his own Vow,

He never will permit me to keep mine.

*Enter Palmyra; Argaleon following her a little after.*

See, she appears!

I'll think no more of any thing, but her.

Yet I have one hour good e're I am wretched.

But, Oh! *Argaleon* follows her! So night

D

Treads



Treads on the foot-steps of a Winter's Sun;  
And stalks all black behind him.

*Palm.* ———— *O Leonidas,*  
(For I must call you still by that dear name)

Free me from this bad Man.

*Leon.* I hope he dares not be injurious to you.

*Arga.* I rather was injurious to my self,  
Than her.

*Leon.* That must be judg'd when I hear what you said.

*Arga.* I think you need not give your self that trouble;  
It concern'd us alone.

*Leon.* You answer sawcily, and indirectly.  
What interest can you pretend in her?

*Arga.* It may be, Sir, I made her some expressions  
Which I would not repeat, because they were  
Below my rank, to one of hers.

*Leon.* What did he say, *Palmyra*?

*Palm.* I'll tell you all: First he began to look,  
And then he sigh'd, and then he look'd again;  
At last, he said my Eyes wounded his Heart:  
And, after that, he talk'd of flames, and fires;  
And such strange words, that I believ'd he conjur'd.

*Leon.* O my heart! Leave me, *Arga*!

*Arga.* Come, sweet *Palmyra*,  
I will instruct you better in my meaning;  
You see he would be private.

*Leon.* ———— Go your self,  
And leave her here.

*Arga.* ———— Alas, she's ignorant,  
And is not fit to entertain a Prince.

*Leon.* First, learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.

*Arga.* I know my duty is to wait on you.  
A great King's Son, like you, ought to forget  
Such mean converse.

*Leon.* ———— What? A disputing Subject?  
Hence; or my Sword shall do me justice on thee.

*Arga.* Yet I may find a time ————

*Leon.* ———— What's that you mutter,  
To find a time?

*Arga.* ———— To wait on you again ————  
(Softly.) In the mean while I'll watch you.

[Exit, and watches during the Scene.]

*Leon.* How precious are the hours of Love in Court!  
In Cottages, where Love has all the day;  
Full, and at ease, he throws it half away.  
Time gives himself, and is not valu'd there;  
But sells, at mighty rates, each minute here.

There

There, he is lazy, unemploy'd, and slow;  
Here, he's more swift; and yet has more to do.  
So many of his hours in publick move,  
That few are left for privacy, and Love.

*Palm.* The Sun, methinks, shines faint and dimly here,  
Light is not half so long, nor half so clear.  
But, Oh! when every day was yours and mine,  
How early up! what haste he made to shine!

*Leon.* Such golden days no Prince must hope to see;  
Whose ev'ry Subject is more bless'd than he.

*Palm.* Do you remember, when their tasks were done,  
How all the Youth did to our Cottage run?  
While Winter-winds were whistling loud without,  
Our chearful Hearth was circled round about:  
With strokes in alhes Maids their Lovers drew;  
And still you fell to me, and I to you.

*Leon.* When Love did of my heart possession take,  
I was so young, my Soul was scarce awake:  
I cannot tell when first I thought you fair;  
But suck'd in Love insensibly as Air.

*Palm.* I know too well when first my Love began,  
When, at our Wake, you for the Chaplet ran:  
Then I was made the Lady of the May,  
And, with the Garland, at the Goal did stay:  
Still, as you ran, I kept you still in view;  
I hop'd, and wish'd, and ran, methought, for you.  
As you came near, I hastily did rise,  
And stretch'd my arm out-right, that held the Prize.  
The custom was to kiss whom I should Crown:  
You kneel'd; and, in my Lap, your head laid down.  
I blush'd, and blush'd, and did the kiss delay:  
At last, my Subjects forc'd me to obey;  
But, when I gave the Crown, and then the kiss,  
I scarce had breath to say, Take that — and this.

*Leon.* I felt, the while, a pleasing kind of smart;  
The kiss went, tingling, to my very heart.  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay;  
The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all day,  
Like drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

*Palm.* Life, like a Prodigal, gave all his store  
To my first youth, and now can give no more.  
You are a Prince; and, in that high degree,  
No longer must converse with humble me.

*Leon.* 'Twas to my loss the Gods that Tid: gave;  
A Tyrant's Son is doubly born a Slave:  
He gives a Crown; but, to prevent my Life  
From being happy, loads it with a Wife.

*Palm.* Speak quickly; what have you resolv'd to do?

*Leon.* To keep my Faith inviolate to you.

He threatens me with Exile, and with shame,  
To lose my Birth-right, and a Prince his name;  
But there's a Blessing which he did not mean,  
To send me back to Love and You again.

*Palm.* Why was not I a Princess for your sake?

But Heav'n no more such Miracles can make:

And, since that cannot, this must never be;

You shall not lose a Crown for love of me.

Live happy, and a nobler Choice pursue;

I shall complain of Fate; but not of you.

*Leon.* Can you so easily without me live?

Or could you take the counsel which you give?

Were you a Princess, would you not be true?

*Palm.* I would; but cannot merit it from you.

*Leon.* Did you not merit, as you do, my heart;

Love gives esteem; and then it gives desert.

But if I safely could forget my vow,

Poor helpless Innocence, what would you do?

*Palm.* In Woods, and Plains, where first my love began,

There would I live, retir'd from faithless man:

I'd sit all day within some lonely shade,

Or that close Arbor which your hands have made:

I'd search the Groves, and ev'ry Tree, to find

Where you had carv'd our names upon the rind:

Your Hook, your Scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,

And lay 'em by me when I went to sleep.

Thus would I live: and Maidens, when I die,

Upon my Hearse white True-love-knots should tie:

And thus my Tomb should be inscrib'd above,

*Here the forsaken Virgin rests from Love.*

*Leon.* Think not that time or fate shall e'er divide

Those Hearts, which Love and mutual Vows have ty'd,

But we must part; farewell, my Love.

*Palm.* ——— Till when?

*Leon.* Till the next age of hours we meet agen.

Mean time ——— we may,

When near each other we in publick stand,

Contrive to catch a look, or steal a hand:

Fancy will every touch, and glance improve;

And draw the most spirituous parts of Love.

Our Souls sit close, and silently within;

And their own Web from their own Intrals spin.

And when Eyes meet far off, our sense is such,

That, Spider-like, we feel the tender 'st touch.

[*Exeunt.*]

AA III



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil, meeting Doralice and Artemis.

Rhodophil and Doralice embrace.

Rho. MY own dear heart!

Dor. My own true Love!

[She starts back.

I had forgot my self to be so kind; Indeed I am very angry with you, dear; you are come home an hour after you appointed: If you had staid a minute longer, I was just considering, whether I should stab, hang, or drown my self.

[Embracing him.

Rho. Nothing but the King's Business could have hinder'd me; and I was so vex'd, that I was just laying down my Commission, rather than have fail'd my Dear,

[Kissing her Hand.

Arte. Why, this is Love as it should be, betwixt Man and Wife: Such another Couple would bring Marriage into Fashion again. But is it always thus betwixt you?

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not such a pair of Turtles in all Sicily; there is such an eternal Cooing and Kissing betwixt us, that indeed it is scandalous before civil Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd, I should have been this fond Fool; I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy; and have made my self miserable, by over-loving. Nay, and now, my Case is desperate; for I have been marry'd above these two years, and find my self every day worse and worse in Love: Nothing but Madness can be the end on't.

Arte. Doar on, to the extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deserves so infinitely much, that, the truth is, there can be no doating in the matter; but to love well, I confess, is a Work that pays it self: 'Tis telling Gold, and after taking it for ones pains.

Rho. By that I should be a very covetous Person; for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. O dear Rhodophil!

Rho. O sweet Doralice!

[Embracing each other.

Arte. (Aside.) Nay, I'm resolv'd, I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave 'em as happy as I found 'em.

[Steals away.

Rho. What, is she gone;

[Looking up.

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time.

[Parting from her.

Dor. Yes sure, the Scene's done, I take it.

They walk contrary ways on the Stage; he, with his Hands in his Pocket, whistling: She, singing a dull melancholy Tune.

Rho.

*Rbo.* Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

*Dor.* Pox o' your damn'd whistling; you can neither be Company to me your self, nor leave me to the freedom of my own Fancy.

*Rbo.* Well, thou art the most provoking Wife!

*Dor.* Well, thou art the dullest Husband, thou art never to be provoked.

*Rbo.* I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee; and now thou hast made an old Knife of me, thou hast whetted me so long, till I have no edge left.

*Dor.* I see you are in the Husbands Fashion; you reserve all your good Humours for your Mistresses, and keep your ill for your Wives.

*Rbo.* Prithce leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them it was I marry'd thee.

*Dor.* Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Punishment.

*Rbo.* My Comfort is, thou art not immortal; and when that blessed, that Divine, day comes, of thy departure, I'm resolv'd I'll make one Holy day more in the Almanack, for thy sake.

*Dor.* Ay, you had need make a Holy day for me, for I am sure you have made me a Martyr.

*Rbo.* Then, setting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the first hour of thy silence, (that is, the first hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before,) I will swear by the Ghost, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods, never more to be in danger of the Banes of Matrimony.

*Dor.* And I am resolv'd to marry the very same day thou dy'st, if it be to shew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

*Rbo.* Prithce, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a days? ha! this is but a kind of Heathenish Life, and does not answer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propound what reasonable Atonement may be made, before we sleep, and I shall not be refractory: But wicah consider, I have been marry'd these three years, and be not too Tyrannical.

*Dor.* Why should you talk of a Peace abed, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

*Rbo.* Then, since we must live together, and both of us stand upon our Terms, as to matter of dying first, let us make our selves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes.

Why, there's the Devil on't! if then couldst make my enjoying thee but a little less easie, or a little more unlawful, thou shouldst see what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken such pains to enjoy thee, *Doralice*, that I have fancied thee all the fine Women in the Town, to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make the another no longer. [Exit Rhodophil.]

*Dor.* Well, since thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can find out another! 'Tis a pretty time we Women have on't, to be made Widows, while we are marry'd. Our Husbands think it reasonable to complain, that we are the same, and the same to them; when we have more reason to complain, that they are not the same to us: Because

Because they cannot feed on one Dish, therefore we must be starv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a sufficient Ordinary provided, and a Table ready spread for 'em: If they cannot fall too and Eat heartily, the fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, me-thinks, that the good Creature should be lost, when many a poor Sinner would be glad on't.

*Enter Melantha, and Artemis to her.*

*Mel.* Dear, my Dear, pity me; I am so chagrin to day, and have had the most signal affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my devoir to Princess *Amalthea*, found her, Convers'd with her, and help'd to make her Court some half an hour; after which, she went to take the Air, chose out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me most barbarously behind her.

*Arte.* You are the less to be pitied *Melantha*, because you subject your self to these Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Business nor Employment.

*Mel.* I declare, I had rather of the two, be *railly'd*, nay, *mal traittee* at Court, than be *Deis'd* in the Town; for, assuredly, nothing can be so *Ridicule*, as a meer Town-Lady.

*Dor.* Especially at Court. How I have seen 'em crowd and sweat in the Drawing-Room, on a Holiday-Night! for that's their time to swarm, and invade the Presence. O, how they catch at a Bow, or any little Salute from a Courtier, to make shew of their Acquaintance! and rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they Court'sie to one another; but they take true pains to come near the Circle, and press and peep upon the Princess, to write Letters into the Country how she was dress'd, while the Ladies that stand about make their Court to her with abusing them.

*Arte.* These are sad Truths, *Melantha*; and therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

*Dor.* In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their entertainment of Wit, is only the remembrance of what they had when they were last in Town; they live this year upon the last years Knowledge, as their Cattel do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they Eat in the Afternoon.

*Mel.* And they tell for News, such unlikely Stories; a Letter from one of us is such a present to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carriers day with such Devotion, that they cannot sleep the Night before.

*Arte.* No more than I can, the Night before I am to go a Journey.

*Dor.* Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

*Mel.* A Song that's stale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence; and if a Man of the Town by chance come amongst 'em, he's Reverenced for Teaching 'em the Tune.

*Dor.* A Friend of mine, who makes Songs sometimes, came lately out of the West, and vow'd he was so put out of Count'nance with a

Song of his ; for at the first Country Gentleman's he visited , he saw three Tailors-crofs Leggd upon the Table in the Hall , who were tearing out as loud as ever they could Sing,

—————After the Pangs of a desperate Lover, &c.

and all that day he heard nothing else, but the Daughters of the House and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whistling it.

*Arte.* Indeed I have observ'd of my self, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am so humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Tailor or Mercer for a Favour.

*Mel.* When I have been at Grass in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I'm to be turn'd into *Ridicule* by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my self again, and to despise my Country Acquaintance.

*Arte.* There are places where all People may be ador'd, and we ought to know our selves so well as to chuse 'em.

*Dor.* That's very true; your little Courtiers Wife, who speaks to the King but once a Month, need but go to a Town-Lady, and there she may Vapour, and cry, *The King and I*, at every Word. Your Town-Lady, who is Laugh'd at in the Circle, takes her Coach into the City, and there she's called your Honour, and has a Banquet from the Merchants Wife, whom she Laughs at for her kindness. And, as for my finical Cit, she removes but to her Country House, and there insults over the Country Gentlewoman that never comes up; who Treats her with Frumity and Custard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beside, for a Jill-Glass of it at parting.

*Arte.* At last, I see, we shall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for, by your Description of the Town and Country, they are become more dreadful to her, than the Court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princess *Amalthea*. Come, *Doralice*.

*Dor.* Farewel, *Melantha*.

*Mel.* Adieu, my dear.

*Arte.* You are out of Charity with her, and therefore I shall not give your Service.

*Mel.* Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing-Room to the Lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But hark you, my Dears, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

*Dor.* Quickly then, we are in haste.

*Mel.* Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baïse Mains* to the Princess *Amalthea*, that is *Spirituella*!

*Dor.* To do you Service then, we will *prendre* the Carrosse to Court, and do your *Baïse Mains* to the Princess *Amalthea*, in your Phrase *Spirituellée*.

[*Exeunt Artemis and Doralice.*

*Enter*



*Enter Philotis, with a Paper in her hand.*

*Mel.* O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a most precious Damsel, to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one phrase left in all my store that is not thread-bare & usè, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peasants.

*Phil.* Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have so drain'd all the *French Plays* and *Romances*, that they are not able to supply you with words for your daily expences.

*Mel.* Drain'd! what a word's there?

*Epuisée*, you Sot you. Come, produce your Morning's work.

*Phil.* 'Tis here, Madam.

[*Shew the Paper.*]

*Mel.* O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till night. Come, read your works: twenty to one half of 'em will not pass muster neither.

*Phil. Sottises.*

[*Reads.*]

*Mel. Sottises; bon.* That's an excellent word to begin withal: as for example; He, or she, said a thousand *Sottises* to me. Proceed.

*Phil. Figure:* as what a figure of a man is there!

*Naïvez, and Naïveté.*

*Mel. Naïve;* as how?

*Phil.* Speaking of a thing that was naturally said; It was so *naïve*: or such an innocent piece of simplicity; 'twas such a *naïveté*.

*Mel.* Truce with your interpretations: make haste.

*Phil. Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarrasse, Double entendre, Equivoque, Eclaircissement, Suite, Bevue, Facon, Panchant, Coup d'etourdy, and Ridicule.*

*Mel.* Hold, hold; how did they begin?

*Phil.* They began at *Sottises*, and ended in *Ridicule*.

*Mel.* Now give me your Paper in my hand, and hold you my Glass, while I practise my postures for the day.

[*Melantha laughs in the Glass.*]

How does that laugh become my face?

*Phil.* Sovereignly well, Madam.

*Mel. Sovereignly!* Let me die, that's not amiss. That word shall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up my self: my new *Point-Gorget* shall be yours upon't: not a word of the word, I charge you.

*Phil.* I am dumb, Madam.

*Mel.* That glance, how suits it with my face?

[*Looking in the Glass again.*]

*Phil.* 'Tis so languissant.

*Mel. Languissant!* that word shall be mine too, and my last *Indian-Gown* thine for't.

That sigh?

[*Looks again.*]

*Phil.*

*Phil.* 'Twill make many a man sigh, Madam. 'Tis a meer *Incendiary*.

*Mel.* Take my Guimp Petticoat for that truth. If thou hast more of these phrases, let me die but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

*Phil.* Go naked? then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter*! what had I forgot? this Paper was given me by *Rhodophil's* Page.

*Mel.* (*Reading the Letter.*) — Beg the favour from you — Gratifie my Passion — so far — assignation — in the Grotto — behind the Terras — clock this evening — Well, for the *Billers doux* there's no man in *Sicily* must dispute with *Rhodophil*; they are so *French*, so *gallant*, and so *tendre*, that I cannot resist the temptation of the assignation. Now go you away; *Philotis*; it imports me to practise what I shall say to my Servant when I meet him.

(*Exit Philotis.*)

*Rhodophil*, you'll wonder at my assurance to meet you here; let me die, I am so out of breath with coming, that I can render you no reason of it. Then he will make this *reparée*; Madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this solitary place? Let me die, but I am apprehensive of some violence from you. Then, says he; Solitude, Madam, is most fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand — Nay, now I vow you're rude, Sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you'll be honourable? — You'd laugh at me if I should, Madam — What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Polydamus, Leonidas, and Guards.*

O *Venus*! the King and Court. Let me die, but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*. (*Exit running.*)

*Leon.* Sir, I beseech you.

*Poly.* — Do not urge my patience.

*Leon.* I'll not deny,

But what your Spies inform'd you of, is true:

I love the fair *Palmyra*; but I lov'd her

Before I knew your title to my blood:

*Enter Palmyra, guarded.*

See, here she comes; and looks, amidst her Guards,  
Like a weak Dove under the Falcon's gripe.

O Heav'n, I cannot bear it.

*Poly.* — Maid, come hither.

Have you presum'd so far, as to receive

My Son's affection?

*Palm.* Alas, what shall I answer? to confess it,

Will raise a blush upon a Virgin's face;

Yet I was ever taught 'twas base to lye.

*Poly.*

*Poly.* You've been too bold, and you must love no more.

*Palm.* Indeed I must; I cannot help my love;  
I was so tender when I took the bent,  
That now I grow that way.

*Poly.* He is a Prince; and you are meanly born.

*Leon.* Love either finds equality, or makes it:  
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,  
But plains, and levels all.

*Palm.* Alas, I had not render'd up my heart;  
Had he not lov'd me first; but he prefer'd me  
Above the Maidens of my age and rank;  
Still shun'd their company, and still sought mine;  
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;  
And all his gifts, though small, yet spoke his love.  
He pick'd the earliest Strawberries in Woods,  
The cluster'd Filberds, and purple Grapes:  
He taught a prating Stare to speak my name;  
And when he found a Nest of Nightingales,  
Or callow Linnets, he would shew 'em me,  
And let me take 'em out.

*Poly.* This is a little Mistis, meanly born,  
Fit only for a Prince his vacant hours,  
And then, to laugh at her simplicity;  
Not fix a passion there. Now hear my sentence.

*Leon.* Remember, ere you give it, 'tis pronounced  
Against us both.

*Poly.* First, in her Hand  
There shall be plac'd a Player's painted Sceptre;  
And, on her Head, a gilded Pageant Crown;  
Thus shall she go,  
With all the Boys attending on her Triumph:  
That done, be put alone into a Boat,  
With Bread and Water only for three days,  
So on the Sea she shall be set adrift,  
And who relieves her, dies.

*Palm.* I only beg that you would execute  
The last part first: Let me be put to Sea;  
The Bread and Water, for my three days life,  
I give you back, I would not live so long;  
But let me scape the shame.

*Leon.* Look to me, Piety; and you, O Gods, look to my Piety;  
Keep me from saying that which misbecomes a Son;  
But let me die before I see this done.

*Poly.* If you for ever will abjure her sight,  
I can be yet a Father; she shall live.

*Leon.* Hear, O you Pow'rs, is this to be a Father?  
I see 'tis all my happiness and quiet

You

You aim at, Sir; and take 'em:

I will not save ev'n my *Palmyra's* life.

At that ignoble price; but I'll die with her.

*Palm.* So had I done by you,

Had Fate made me a Princess: Death, methinks,

Is not a terrour now;

He is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and sooths me,

And slides along, like *Cleopatra's* Aspick,

Off'ring his service to my troubled breast.

*Leon.* Begin what you have purpos'd when you please,

Lead her to scorn, your triumph shall be doubled.

As holy Priests

In pity go with dying Malefactors,

So will I share her shame.

*Poly.* You shall not have your will so much; first part 'em,

Then execute your Office.

*Leon.*

No; I'll die

In her defence.

*Palm.*

Ah, hold, and pull not on

A curse, to make me worthy of my death:

Do not by lawless force oppose your Father,

Whom you have too much disobey'd for me.

*Leon.* Here, take it, Sir, and with it, pierce my heart;

*(Presenting his Sword to his Father upon his Knees.)*

You have done more, in taking my *Palmyra*.

You are my Father, therefore I submit.

*Poly.* Keep him from any thing he may design

Against his life, whilst the first fury lasts;

And now perform what I commanded you.

*Leon.* In vain; if Sword and Poyson be deny'd me,

I'll hold my breath and die.

*Palm.* Farewel, my last *Leonidas*; yet live,

I charge you live, till you believe me dead.

I cannot die in peace, if you die first.

If life's a blessing, you shall have it last.

*Poly.* Go on with her, and lead him after me.

*Enter Argaleon hastily, with Hermogenes.*

*Arga.* I bring you, Sir, such news as must amaze you,

And such as will prevent you from an action

Which would have rendred all your life unhappy.

*Poly.* *Hermogenes*, you bend your knees in vain.

*(Hermogenes kneels.)*

My doom's already past.

*Her.* I kneel not for *Palmyra*, for I know

She will not need my prayers, but for my self:

With a feign'd tale I have abus'd your ears.

And



And therefore merit Death; but since, unforc'd,  
I first accuse my self; I hope your Mercy.

*Poly.* Haste to explain your meaning.

*Her.* Then, in few Words, *Palmyra* is your Daughter.

*Poly.* How can I give belief to this Impostor?

He who has once abus'd me, often may.

I'll hear no more.

*Arga.* ——— For your own sake, you must.

*Her.* A Parent's love (for I confess my Crime)

Mov'd me to say, *Leonidas* was yours;

But when I heard *Palmyra* was to Die,

The fear of guileless blood so stung my Conscience,

That I resolv'd, ev'n with my shame, to save

Your Daughter's life.

*Poly.* But how can I be certain, but that Interest

Which mov'd you first to say your Son was mine,

Does not now move you too, to save your Daughter?

*Her.* You had but then my Word; I bring you now

Authentick Testimonies. Sir, in short,

[*Delivers on his Knees a Jewel, and a Letter.*]

If this will not convince you, let me suffer.

*Poly.* I know the Jewel well; 'twas once my Mothers,

[*Looking first on the Jewel.*]

Which Marrying, I presented to my Wife.

And this, O this, is my *Eudocia's* Hand.

This was the Pledge of Love given to *Eudocia*,

Who, dying, to her young *Palmyra* leaves it:

And this when you, my dearest Lord, receive,

Own her, and think on me, dying *Eudocia*.

Take it; 'tis well there is no more to Read,

My Eyes grow full, and swim in their own light.

[*To Argaleon*]

[*He embraces Palmyra*]

*Palm.* I fear, Sir, this is your intended Pageant.

You sport your self at poor *Palmyra's* cost;

But if you think to make me Proud,

Indeed I cannot be so: I was born,

With humble Thoughts, and lowly, like my Birth.

A real Fortune could not make me haughty,

Much less a feign'd.

*Poly.* ——— This was her Mother's Temper.

I have too much deserv'd thou shouldst suspect

That I am not thy Father; but my Love

Shall henceforth shew I am. Behold my Eyes

And see a Father there begin to flow:

This is not feign'd, *Palmyra*.

*Palm.* I doubt no longer, Sir, you are a King

And cannot Lye: Falshood's a Vice too base

To find a Room in any Royal Breast;

I know, in spite of my Unworthiness,  
I am your Child; for when you would have kill'd me,  
Methought I lov'd you then.

*Arga.* Sir, we forgot the Prince *Leonidas*,  
His greatness should not stand neglected thus.

*Poly.* Guards, you may now retire: Give him his Sword,  
And leave him free.

*Leon.* Then the first use I make of Liberty  
Shall be, with your permission, mighty Sir,  
To pay that Reverence to which Nature binds me.

[Kneels to Hermonog.]

*Arga.* Sure you forget your Birth, thus to misplace  
This act of your Obedience; you should kneel  
To nothing but to Heav'n and to a King.

*Leon.* I never shall forget what Nature owes,  
Nor be ashamed to pay it; though my Father  
Be not a King, I know him brave and honest,  
And well deserving of a worthier Son.

*Poly.* He bears it gallantly.

*Leon.* Why would you not instruct me, Sir, before  
Where I should place my Duty?

[To Hermonog.]

From which, if Ignorance have made me swerve,  
I beg your Pardon for an erring Son.

*Palm.* I almost grieve I am a Princess, since  
It makes him lose a Crown.

*Leon.* And next, to you, my King, thus low I kneel,

To implore your Mercy; if in that small time

I had the Honour to be thought your Son,

I pay'd not strict Obedience to your Will:

I thought, indeed, I should not be compell'd,

But thought it as your Son; so what I took

In Duty from you, I restor'd in courage;

Because your Son should not be forc'd,

*Poly.* You have my Pardon for it.

*Leon.* To you, fair Princess, I Congratulate  
Your Birth; of which I ever thought you Worthy:

And give me leave to add, that I am Proud

The Gods have pick'd me out to be the Man

By whose dejected Fate yours is to rise;

Because no Man could more desire you Fortune,

Or franklier part with his to make you great.

*Palm.* I know the King, though you are not his Son,

Will still regard you as my Foster Brother,

And so conduct you downward from a Throne,

By slow degrees, so unperceiv'd and soft,

That it may seem no fall; or, if it be

May Fortune lay a Bed of Down beneath you.

*Poly.* He shall be rank'd with my Nobility,

And kept from scorn by a large Pension giv'n him.

*Leon.*

I am: You are all great and Royal in your Gifts;  
But at the Donor's Feet I lay 'em down:  
Should I take Riches from you, it would seem  
As I did want a Soul to bear that Poverty  
To which the Gods design'd my humble Birth:  
And should I take your Honours without merit,  
It would appear, I wanted Manly courage  
To hope 'em in your Service, from my Sword.  
Pala. Still brave, and like your self  
The Court shall shine this Night in its full Splendor,  
And Celebrate this new discovery.

Argaleon, lead my Daughter: As we go  
I shall have time to give her my Commands,  
In which you are concern'd. [Exeunt all but Leonidas.

Leonidas. Methinks I do not want  
That huge long Train of fawning followers,  
That sweep a Purlong after me.  
'Tis true, I am lone  
So was the Godhead ere he made the World,  
And better serv'd Himself, than serv'd by Nature,  
And yet I have a Soul  
Above this humble Fate, I could command,  
Love to do good, give largely to true merit;  
All that a King should do: But though these are not  
My Province, I have seen enough within  
To exercise my Virtue  
All that a Heart, so fix'd as mine, can move,  
Is, that my niggard Fortune starves my Love.

## SCENE II.

Palamede and Doralice meet: She with a Book in her Hand,  
seems to start at Sights of him.

Pal. 'Tis a strange thing that no warning will serve your turn; and  
that no retirement will secure me from your importunate  
address. Did not I tell you, that I was to be private here at my De-  
votions?

Pala. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my Cue exactly: I am come  
to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your Book; the  
music comes who is to supply all your necessities.

Dor. Then, it seems, you are so impudent to think it was an affig-  
nation? This, I warrant, was your lewd interpretation of my imo-  
cent meaning.

Pala. Venus forbid that I should harbour so unreasonable a thought of

a fair young Lady, that you should lead me hither into temptation. I confess I might think indeed it was a kind of honorable challenge, to meet privately without Seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two Sexes; but Heaven forgive me if I thought amiss.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my life on't, that you might as well make love to me, as my Husband does to your Mistress.

Pala. I was so unreasonable to think so too.

Dor. And then you wickedly infer'd, that there was some justice in the revenge of it: or at least but little injury; for a man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a blessing, and which is more valued as it ought by the dull possessor. Confess you wickedness, did you not think so?

Pala. I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I design'd: I have foretold'd all your arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, ere Sentence pass — Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my diversion.

Pala. That you may have, if you'll make use of me the right way; but I tell thee, woman, I am now past talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could say for your self.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my knowledge, if I should lose so much time to say many of 'em — By this Hand you would —

Dor. Fie, Palamede, I am a woman of honour.

Pala. I see you are; you have kept touch with your affignation, and before we part, you shall find that I am a man of honour — yet I have one scruple of conscience —

Dor. I warrant you will not want some naughty argument or other to satisfy your self — I hope you are afraid of betraying your friend?

Pala. Of betraying my friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my friend. You women now are got into the way of telling first your selves: A man who has any care of his Reputation will be loath to trust it with you.

Dor. O you charge your faults upon our Sex: You men are like Cocks, you never make love, but you clap your wings, and crow when you have done.

Pala. Nay, rather you women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an hour after, to discover your Nest — But I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark Grotto, to my devotion, and make so little noise, that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you —

Dor. Ay, if you find me — But I'll put you to search in more corners than you imagine.

[She runs in, and he after her.]

Enter.



# Marriage A-la-Mode.

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*Enter Rhodophil and Melantha.*

*Mel.* Let me die, but this solitude, and that Grotto are scandalous; I'll go no further; besides, you have a sweet Lady of your own.

*Rho.* But a sweet Mistress, now and then, makes my sweet Lady so much more sweet.

*Mel.* I hope you will not force me?

*Rho.* But I will, if you desire it.

*Pala. (Within.)* Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this hide and seek: If you stay a little longer, till the fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

*[He enters, and sees Rhodophil and Melantha.]*

How, Rhodophil and my Mistress!

*Mel.* My Servant to apprehend me! this is *Suprenant au dernier*.

*Rho.* I must on; there's nothing but impudence can help me out.

*Pala.* Rhodophil, How came you hither in so good company?

*Rho.* As you see, *Palamede*; an effect of pure friendship; I was not able to live without you.

*Pala.* But what makes my Mistress with you?

*Rho.* Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in civility but bring her to you.

*Mel.* You'll pardon the effects of a passion which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the rules of *bien seance*.

*Pala.* But who told you I was here? they that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

*Rho.* O, for that matter, we had intelligence.

*Pala.* But let me tell you, we came hither so very privately, that you could not trace us.

*Rho.* Us? what us? you are alone.

*Pala.* Us! the Devil's in me for mistaking: me, I meant. Or us; that is, you are me, or I you, as we are friends; that's us.

*Dor. Palamede, Palamede.*

*[Within.]*

*Rho.* I should know that voice? who's within there, that calls you?

*Pala.* Faith I can't imagine; I believe the place is haunted.

*Dor. Palamede, Palamede, All-cocks hidden.*

*[Within.]*

*Pala.* Lord, lord, what shall I do? Well, dear friend, to let you see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my Mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frightened, and I am resolv'd to see who's there; I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain: prethee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly: there's an effect of pure friendship for you.

*Enter Doralice, and looks amaz'd, seeing them.*

*Rho.* Doralice! I am thunder-struck to see you here.

*Pala.* So am I! quite thunder-struck. Was it you that call'd me within? (I must be impudent.)

*Rho.* How came you hither, Spouse?

*Pala.* Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my knowledge?

*Dor.* (*To her Husband.*) O, Gentlemen, have I caught you flat! have I broke forth in ambush upon you! I thought my suspicions would prove true.

*Rho.* Suspensions! this is very fine, Spouse!

Prethee what suspensions?

*Dor.* O, you feign ignorance: why, of you and *Melantha*; here have I staid these two hours, waiting with all the rage of a passionate, loving Wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I was certain you would come.

*Rho.* But you are mistaken, Spouse, in the occasion; for we came hither on purpose to find *Palamede*, on intelligence he was gone before.

*Pala.* I'll be hang'd then if the same party who gave you intelligence, I was here, did not tell your wife you would come hither: Now I smell the malice on't on both sides.

*Dor.* Was it so, think you? Nay then, I'll confess my part of the malice too. As soon as ever I sp'd my husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a strange temptation to make him jealous in revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

*Mel.* Nay, I vow, there was an appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

*Pala.* To see how things will come about!

*Rho.* And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*? *[Embracing]*

*Dor.* And did I wrong none, *Rhodophil*, with a false suspicion? *[Embracing him.]*

*Pala.* (*Aside.*) Now I am confident we had all four the same design: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of game this, where each of us plays for double stakes: This is just thrust and parry with the same morion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Mistress. But I am vilely suspicious, that, while I conquer in the Right Wing, I shall be routed in the Left: for both our women will certainly betray their party, because they are each of them for gaining of two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Necessities and ours were known, They have more need of two, than we of one.

*[Exeunt, embracing each other.]*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leonidas, musing, Amalthea following him.

Amal. Yonder he is, and I must speak, or die;

And yet 'tis death to speak; yet he must know

I have a passion for him, and may know it.

With a less blush; because to offer it

To his low fortunes, shews I lov'd before,

His person, not his greatness.

Leon. First scorn'd, and now commanded from the Court!

The King is good; but he is wrought to this

By proud Argaleon's malice.

What more disgrace can Love and Fortune join

T'inflict upon one man? I cannot now

Behold my dear Palmyra; she, perhaps too,

Is grown ashamed of a mean ill-plac'd love.

Amal. Assist me, Venus, for I tremble when

I am to speak, but I must force my self:

Sir, I would crave but one short minute with you,

And some few words.

Leon. The proud Argaleon's sister!

Amal. Alas, it will not out; shame stops my mouth.

Pardon my error, Sir, I was mistaken,

And took you for another.

Leon. In spite of all his Guards, I'll see Palmyra;

Though meanly born, I have a Kingly Soul yet.

Amal. I stand upon a precipice, where fain

I would retire, but Love still thrusts me on:

Now I grow bolder, and will speak to him.

Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would speak,

And if

Leon. O, you are sent to scorn my fortunes;

Your Sex and Beauty are your privilege;

But should you Brother

Amal. Now he looks angry, and I dare not speak.

I had some business with you, Sir.

But 'tis not worth your knowledge.

Leon. Then 'twill be charity to let me mourn

My griefs alone, for I am much disorder'd.

Amal. 'Twill be more charity to mourn em with you:

Heav'n knows I pity you.

Leon. Your pity, Madam,

Is generous, but 'tis unavailable.

Amal.

*Amal.* You know not till 'tis try'd.  
Your Sorrows are no secret; you have lost  
A Crown, and Mistress.

*Leon.* ——— Are not these enough?  
Hang two such Weights on any other Soul,  
And see if it can bear 'em.

*Amal.* More; you are banish'd, by my Brother's means,  
And ne'r must hope again to see your Princess;  
Except as Pris'ners view fair Walks and Streets,  
And careless Passengers going by their Grates,  
To make 'em feel the want of Liberty;  
But, worse than all,  
The King this morning has injoynd his Daughter  
T' accept my Brother's Love.

*Leon.* ——— Is this your pity?  
You aggravate my Grieffs, and print 'em deeper  
In new and heavier stamps.

*Amal.* 'Tis as Physicians shew the desperate ill  
T' indear their Art, by mitigating Pains  
They cannot wholly cure: When you despair  
Of all you wish, some part of it, because  
Unhop'd for, may be grateful; and some other ———

*Leon.* What other?

*Amal.* Some other may ———  
My shame again has seiz'd me, and I can go  
No farther ———

*Leon.* These often Failings, Sighs, and Interruptions,  
Make me imagine you have grief like mine:  
Have you ne'r lov'd?

*Amal.* ——— I! never: 'Tis in vain;  
I must despair in silence.

*Leon.* You came, as I suspected then, to mock,  
At least observe my Grieffs: Take it not ill  
That I must leave you.

*Amal.* You must not go with these unjust Opinions.  
Command my Life, and Fortunes; you are wise:  
Think, and think well, what I can do to serve you.

*Leon.* I have but one thing in my Thoughts and Wishes:  
If by your means I can obtain the sight  
Of my ador'd *Palmyra*; or, what's harder,  
One minutes time, to tell her, I die here.  
I see I am not to expect it from you;  
Nor could, indeed, with reason.

*Amal.* Name any other thing: Is *Amalthea*  
So despicable, she can serve your Wishes  
In this alone?

*Leon.* ——— If I should ask of Heav'n,  
I have no other suit.

*Amal.*



*Amal.* To shew you, then, I can deny you nothing,  
Though 'tis more hard to me than any other,  
Yet I will do't for you.

*Leon.* Name quickly, name the means, speak my good Angel.

*Amal.* Be not so much enjoy'd, for, if you are,  
I'll rather dye than do't. This night the Count  
Will be in *disguise*; he'll be in that disguise  
You shall attend on me; in that disguise  
You may both see and speak to her,  
If you dare venture it.

*Leon.* Yes, were a God her Guardian,  
And bore in each hand thunder, I would venture.

*Amal.* Farewel then; two hours hence I will expect you:  
My heart's so full, that I can stay no longer. [Exit.]

*Leon.* Already it grows dusky: I'll prepare  
With haste for my disguise. But who are these?

*Enter Hermogenes and Eubulus.*

*Her.* 'Tis he: we need not fear to speak to him.

*Eub.* *Leonidas.*

*Leonidas.* ———— Sure I have known that voice.

*Her.* You have some reason, Sir: 'tis *Eubulus*,  
Who bread you with the Princess: and departing  
Beseech'd you to my care.

*Leon.* My Foster, Father! let my knees express  
My joys for your return! [Kneeling.]

*Eub.* Rise, Sir, you must not kneel.

*Leon.* ———— E'r since you left me,  
I have been wand'ring in a maze of fate,  
Led by false fires of a fantastick glory,  
And the vain lustre of imagin'd Crowns;  
But, ah! why would you leave me? or how could you  
Absent your self so long?

*Eub.* I'll give you a most just account of both:  
And something more I have to tell you, which  
I now must cause your wonder: but this place,  
Though almost hid in darkness, is not safe.  
Already I discern some coming towards us  
With lights, who may discover me. *Hermogenes*,  
Your lodgings are hard by, and much more private. [Torches appear.]

*Her.* There you may freely speak.

*Leon.* ———— Let us make haste:  
For some affairs, and of no small importance,  
Call me another way. [Exit.]

*Enter*

Enter Palamede and Rhodophil with their Masques in their hands, and Torches before 'em

*Pala.* We shall have noble sport to night, *Rhodophil:* this Masquerading is a most glorious invention.

*Rho.* I believe it was invented first by some jealous lover, to discover the haunts of his filching Mistress; or perhaps, by some distressed lover, to gain an opportunity with a jealous man's Wife.

*Pala.* No, it must be the invention of a woman, in as much of subtilty and love in it.

*Rho.* I am sure 'tis extremely pleasant; for to go unknown is the next degree to go invisible.

*Pala.* What with our antique habits, and feign'd voices, do you know me? and I know you? Methinks we move and talk just like so many over-grown Puppets.

*Rho.* Masquerade is only Vizor Masque improv'd, a heightning of the same fashion.

*Pala.* No; Masquerade is Vizor-masque in debauch; and I like it the better for't: for, with a Vizor-masque, we fool our selves into courtship, for the sake of an eye that glanc'd; or a hand that stole it self out of the glove, sometimes to give us a sample of the skin: but in Masquerade there is nothing to be known, she's all *Terræ incognita*, and the bold discoverer leaps ashore, and takes his lot among the wild *Indians* and *Salvages*, without the vile consideration of safety to his person, or of beauty or wholesomeness in his Mistress.

Enter Beliza.

*Rho.* Beliza, what makes you here?

*Bel.* Sir, my Lady sent me ~~to let you know~~ to let you know she has herself a little indispos'd, so that she cannot be at Court; but she'll rest, in her own apartment, where she shall wait the happiness of your dear embraces to night.

*Rho.* A very fine phrase, *Beliza*, to let me know my wife desires to be alone.

*Pala.* I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains sometimes to instruct your wife's woman in these elegancies.

*Rho.* Tell my dear Lady, that since I must be so unhappy as not to wait on her to night, I will lament bitterly for her absence. I shall be at Court, but I will take no diversion there; and when I return to my solitary bed, if I am so forgetful of my passion as to sleep, I will dream of her; and, betwixt sleep and waking, put out my foot towards her side, for midnight consolation; and not finding her, I will sigh, and imagine my self a most desolate widower.

*Bel.* I shall do your commands, Sir.

*Rho.* (*Aside.*) She's sick as aptly for my purpose, as if she had contriv'd it so: well, if ever woman was a help-meet for man, my Spouse is so; for

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for within this hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melanthe*, that she would meet me this evening in *Masquerade* in Boys habit, to rejoyce with me before she entred into fetters; for I find she loves me better than *Palamede*, only because he's to be her husband. There's something of antipathy in the word Marriage to the nature of love; marriage is the meer Ladie of affection, that cools it when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over.

*Pala.* Dear *Rhodophil*, I must needs beg your pardon; there is an occasion fall'n out which I had forgot: I cannot be at Court to night.

*Rbo.* Dear *Palamede*, I am sorry we shall not have one course together at the herd; but I find your Game lies single: good fortune to you with your Mistress. [Exit]

*Pala.* He has wish'd me good fortune with his Wife: there's no sin in this then, there's fair leave given. Well I must go visit the sick; I cannot resist the temptations of my charity. O what a difference will the find betwixt a dull resty Husband, and a quick vigorous Lover! he sets out like a Carrier's Horse, plodding on, because he knows he must, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming so melancholy about his neck, in pain till he's at his journeys end, and despairing to get thither, he is fain to fortifie imagination with the thoughts of another woman: I take heart after hear, like a well-breath'd Courser, and ——— But hark, what noise is that? Swords! [Clashing of Swords within]

Nay, then have with you. [Exit Palamede]

Re-enter *Palamede*, with *Rhodophil*: and *Doralice* in *Man's* habit.

*Rbo.* Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwise I had been oppress'd.

*Pala.* What was the quarrel?

*Rbo.* What I did, was in rescue of this Youth.

*Pala.* What cause could he give 'em?

*Dor.* The cause was nothing but only the common cause of fighting in *Masquerades*: they were drunk, and I was sober.

*Rbo.* Have they not hurt you?

*Dor.* No; but I am exceeding ill with the fright on't.

*Pala.* Let's lead him to some place where he may refresh himself.

*Rbo.* Do you conduct him then.

*Pala.* (Aside.) How cross this happens to my design of going to *Doralice*! for I am confident she was sick on purpose that I should visit her. Hark you, *Rhodophil*, could not you take care of the stripling? I am partly engag'd to night.

*Rbo.* You know I have business: but come, Youth, if it must be so.

*Dor.* (To *Rhodophil*.) No good Sir, do not give your self that trouble; I shall be safer, and better pleas'd with your friend here.

*Rbo.* Farewel then; once more I wish you a good adventure.

*Pala.* Damn this kindness! now must I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miss my opportunity with *Doralice*.

[Exit *Rhodophil* alone,  
[Palamede with *Doralice*]

G

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Enter Polydamus.***A**rgaleon counsel'd well to banish him.

He has, I know not what,  
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fare,  
That almost awes me; but I fear my Daughter,  
Who hourly moves me for him, and I mark'd  
She sigh'd when I but nam'd *Argaleon* to her.  
But see, the Maskers; hence my cares, this night;  
At least take truce, and find me on my pillow.

*Enter the Princess in Masquerade, with Ladies: At the other end, Argaleon and Gentlemen in Masquerade: Then Leonidas leading Amatheia. The King follows. A Dance. After the Dance,*

*Amal.* (To Leonidas.) That's the Princess;  
I saw the habit e're she put it on.

*Leon.* I knew her by a thousand other signs.  
She cannot hide so much Divinity.  
Disguis'd, and silent, yet some graceful motion  
Breaks from her and shines round her like a Glory.

*Amal.* Thus she reveals her self, and knows it not:  
Like Love's dark lantern I direct his steps,  
And yet he sees not that which gives him light.

*Palm.* I know you; but, alas, *Leonidas*,  
Why should you tempt this danger on your self?

*Leon.* Madam, you know me not, if you believe  
I would not hazard greater for your sake:

But you, I fear, are chang'd.

*Palm.* No, I am still the same;  
But there are many things become *Palmyra*.  
Which ill become the Princess.

*Leon.* I ask nothing  
Which Honor will not give you leave to grant:

One hour's short audience, at my Father's house,  
You cannot sure refuse me.

*Palm.* Perhaps I should, did I consult strict virtue;  
But something must be given to Love and you.

When would you I should come?

*Leon.* This evening, with the speediest opportunity.  
I have a Secret to discover to you,  
Which will surprise, and please you.

*Palm.* 'Tis enough.

Go now; for we may be observ'd and known.  
I trust your honor; give me not occasion  
To blame my self, or you.

*Leon.*



Leon. You never shall repent your good opinion.

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the Prince's.

One of her Maids betray'd the habit to me;

But who was he with whom she held discourse?

Is one she favours, for he kiss'd her hand.

Our shapes are like, our habits near the same;

She may mistake, and speak the me for him.

I am resolv'd, I'll satisfy my doubts.

Though to be more tormented.

S O N G.

W Hile Alexis lay press'd  
In her Arms he lov'd a best,

With his hands round her neck,

And his head on her breast.

He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,

And his Son in the Tempest just flying away.

II.

When Coelia saw this

With a sigh, and a kiss,

She cry'd, Ob my Dear, I am robb'd of my bliss;

'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,

To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

III.

The Tomb, though in haste,

And breathing her last,

In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;

Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear, now let us go,

Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.

IV.

This intranc'd they did lie,

Till Alexis did try

To recover new breath; but again he might die:

Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,

The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more slow.

Another Dance.

After Argaleon re-enters, and stands by

the Princess.

Palm. Leonidas, what means this quick return?

Arga. O heaven! 'tis what I fear'd.

G 2

Palm.

*Palm.* Is ought of Moment happen'd since you went?

*Arga.* No, Madam, but I understood not fully  
Your last Commands.

*Palm.* ——— And yet you answer'd to this

Retire; you are too indifferent a Lover:

I'll meet you where I promis'd.

*Arga.* O my curst Fortune! what have I discover'd!

But I will be Reveng'd.

*Poly.* But are you certain you are not deceiv'd?

*Arga.* Upon my life.

*Poly.* ——— Her Honour is concern'd.

Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet distracted,

And know not where to fix. I wish'd a Child,

And Heav'n, in Anger, granted my Request.

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain.

That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

## SCENE III.

*An Eating-House. Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede and  
Doralice in Mans Habit.*

*Dor.* **N**OW cannot I find in my Heart to discover my self, though I  
Aside long he should know me.

*Pal.* I tell thee Boy, now I have seen thee safe, I must be gone: I  
have no leisure to throw away on thy raw Conversation: I am a Person  
that understand better Things, I.

*Dor.* Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! cry up every Word  
I said, and scruce your Face into a submissive Smile; as I have seen a dull  
Gallant act Wit, and counterfeit Pleasantness, when he Whispers to a great  
Person in a Play-house; smile, and look briskly, when the other Answers,  
as if something of extraordinary had pass'd betwixt em, when heaven knows,  
there was nothing else but, What a Clock does your Lordship thing it  
is? And my Lord's reprieve is, 'Tis almost Part-time: Or, at most, shall  
we out of the Pit, and go behind the Scenes for an Act or two? And yet  
such fine Things as these would be Wit in a Mistress's Mouth.

*Pal.* Ay, Boy; there's Dame Nature in the case. He who cannot find  
Wit in a Mistress, deserves to find nothing else, Boy. But these are Rid-  
dles to thee, Child, and I have not leisure to instruct thee; I have Af-  
fairs to dispatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Business.

*Dor.* Come, you shall not go: You have no Affairs but what you  
may dispatch here, to my knowledge.

*Pal.* I find now, thou art a Boy of more understanding than I thought  
thee; a very lewd wicked Boy: O my Conscience thou wouldst debauch  
me, and has some evil designs upon my Person.

*Dor.* You are mistaken, Sir; I would only have you shew me a more  
lawful Reason why you would leave me, than I can why you should  
not,

not, and I'll not stay you; but I am not so young but I understand the necessities of Flesh and Blood, and the pressing occasions of Mankind, as well as you.

*Pal.* A very forward and understanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Pigeon-Way, to be brisk at Fourteen, and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther account; I must, and will go.

*Dor.* My life on't your Mistress is not at home.

*Pal.* This Imp will make me very Angry. I tell thee, young Sir, she is at home, and at home for me; and which is more, she is A-bed for me; and Sick for me.

*Dor.* For you only.

*Pal.* Ay, for me only.

*Dor.* But how do you know she's Sick a-bed?

*Pal.* She sent her Husband word so.

*Dor.* And are you such a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's message to her Husband?

*Pal.* Why, What the Devil should be her meaning else?

*Dor.* It may be, to go in Masquerade as well as you, to observe your haunts, and keep you Company without your knowledge.

*Pal.* Nay, I'll trust her for that. She loves me too well, to disguise her self from me.

*Dor.* If I were she, I would disguise on purpose to try your Wit; and come to my Servant like a Riddle, Read me, and take me.

*Pal.* I could know her in any Shape: My good Genius would prompt me to find out a handsome Woman. There's something in her, that would attract me to her without my knowledge.

*Dor.* Then you make a Loadstone of your Mistress.

*Pal.* Yes, and I carry Steel about me, which has been so often touch'd, that it never fails to point to the North Pole.

*Dor.* Yet still my Mind gives me, that you have met her disguis'd to Night, and have not known her.

*Pal.* This is the most pragmatical conceited little fellow, he will needs understand my Business better than myself. I tell thee once more thou dost not know my Mistress.

*Dor.* And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

*Pal.* The Boy's resolv'd to have the last Word. I find I must go without reply.

*Dor.* Ah mischief, I have lost him with my Fooling. *Palamede, Palamede.*

*He returns.* She plucks off her Peruke, and pursues on again when he knows her.

*Pal.* O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

*Dor.* Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

*Pal.* Why, you see I was not deceiv'd; you your self were my good Genius.

*Dor.*



Dear Ben: I'm glad you're direct, and I have the inkblot book for you. The Tenth is, Midway, the steel handle, the Victory, and therefore, if you please, we'll now touch it.

Enter Rhodophila, with a white cloth in her hand, and a white cloth in her hand.

Rbo. Palamede again! and TASLOW into your quarters! What, in

*Pak* O, very honourable on my side, I was just chastising this young Villain; he was running away, without paying his share of the Reckoning.

*Rbo.* Then I find I was deceived in him.

And are you such a novice in love, no, I never did not know him.

Mel. Good Rhodophil, let us get off *a-la-derobee*, for fear I should be discover'd.

14. There's no retreating now; I warrant you for discovery: Now have I the added thought to entertain you before your servant's face, and he never did wife for I will be the prettiest juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us

**Mel:** This is the strangest trap I've ever found.

*Pal. (To Dotance.)* This *Rhodophil's* the unluckiest Fellow to me. This is now the second time he has barr'd the Dice when we were just ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again

Am I like my self?

Yes, No more than a Picture in the Hangings

Dor. Nay, then he can never discover me, now the wrong side of

the Arras is turned towards him

**Pa.** At least, 'twill be some Pleasure to me, to enjoy what freedom  
I can while he looks on; I will flout the Out-works of Marriage  
even before his Face.

*Rbo.* What Wine have you there, *Palamedes*?

Pal. Old Ghim, or the Rogue's damnd that drew it.

Rho. Come, to the most constant of Mistresses, that I believe is yours.

Der Preis dieser Ausgabe ist 1 Mark 50 Pfennig.

*Pal.* Now, to the truest of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rhodophil*,  
that lies sick at home in the Bed of Honour.

*Rbo.* Now, let's have one common Health, and so have done.

**Dor.** Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the fairest  
Lady of Sicily in Masquerade to-night.

Pat. This is such an obliging Health, Pil Kist thee, dear Rogus, for  
thy invention.

Rev. How who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without dispute.

I'm most concern'd in this, I am sure. [Aside. Pd.]



*Pal.* Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil*?

*Mel.* Ay, this was *bien*, *trouvé*, indeed.

*Dor.* (To *Melantha*.) I suppose I shall be your kindness to enquire if you have not been in France, since you were last in the country.

*Mel.* To do you service, Sir, I have not been in France since I was last in the country.

*Dor.* O, Monsieur, you were in France, I am sure.

*Dor.* I suppose, sweet Sir, you are the Hope and Head of some thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himself a home, and bred you abroad, where you have learnt your Exercises, as it appears, most awkwardly; and are return'd, with the Addition of a new lac'd Belfom and a Clap, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you sport French with your *Man Monsieur*.

*Pal.* Let me kiss thee again for that, dear *Rhodophil*.

*Mel.* And you, I imagine, are my young Master, whom your Mother durst not trust upon Salt Water, but let you to be your own Tutor at *Fontenay*, to be very brisk and *campagnon*, to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you have learnt the knack on't, to value your self upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Mistress.

*Rho.* (Embracing *Mel.*) O dear young Bully, thou hast tickled him with a repertee i' faith.

*Mel.* You are one of those that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit.

*Rho.* Again, my Boy, let me kiss thee most abundantly.

*Dor.* You are an Admirer of the dull French Poetry, which is so thin, that it is the very Leaf-Field of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Sense, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to swallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of such profound dulness, one must be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

*Pal.* Let me embrace thee most vehemently.

*Mel.* I'll sacrifice my Life for French Poetry.

*Dor.* I'll die upon the spot for our Country Wit.

*Rho.* (To *Melantha*.) Hold, hold, young *Mars*: *Palamede*, draw back your Hero.

*Pal.* 'Tis time; I shall be drawn in for a Second effe, at the wrong Weapon.

*Mel.* O, that I were a Man for thy sake.

*Dor.* You'll be a Man as soon as that.

*Enter a Messenger to Rhodophil.*

*Mess.* Sir, the King has instant Business with you. I saw the Guard drawn up, by your Equerry, Before the Palace-gate, ready to march.

*Rhod.* 'Tis somewhat sudden; say that I am coming.

[Exit Messenger.  
Now

Now, *Palamede*, What think you of this Sport?  
This is some sudden Tumult: Will you none?

*Pal.* Yes, yes, it will go; and till *Domville* like me if ever I was less in humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have staid their Tumult till to morrow? Then I had done my Business, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory Crime to have committed first; and I am the worst Man in the World at Repenting: till a Sin be thoroughly done: But what shall we do with the two Boys?

*Rho.* Let 'em take a Lodging in the House till the Business be over.

*Dor.* What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I would, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

*Pal.* The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-Fellow.

*Mel.* Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the French.

*Dor.* Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets: I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all.

*Rho.* I'll Fight in meer Revenge, and wreak my Passion  
On all that spoil this hopeful Assignment.

*Pal.* I'm sure we Fight in a good Quarrel:  
Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws;  
But a kind Mistress is the Good Old Cause.

## SCENE IV

*Enter Palmyra, Eubulus, Herodogeches*

*Palm.* You tell me Wonders; that *Leiridas*,  
Is Prince *Theagenes*, the late King's Son.

*Eub.* It seem'd as strange to him, as now to you,  
Before I had convinc'd him: but, besides  
His great resemblance to the King his Father,  
The Queen his Mother lives, secur'd by me  
In a Religious House; to whom each year  
I brought the News of his encreasing Virtues.  
My last long absence from you both, was caus'd  
By Wounds which in my Journey I receiv'd,  
When set upon by Thieves; I lost those Jewels  
And Letters, which your dying Mother left.

*Her.* The same he means, which since brought to the King,  
Made him first know he had a Child alive:  
'Twas then my care of Prince *Leiridas*,  
Caus'd me to say he was th' Usurpers Son;  
Till, after forc'd by your apparent danger,  
I made the true discovery of your Birth,  
And on no more hid my Prince's.

*Enter*

Enter Leonidas.

Leon. Hermogenes, and Eucular, retire;  
Those of our Party, whom we left without,  
Expect your Aid and Counsel.

[Exit ante.

Palm. I should, Leonidas, congratulate  
This happy change of your exalted fate;  
But, as my Joy, so you my Wonder move;  
Your Looks have more of Business than of Love;  
And your last Words some great design did show.

Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you;  
You, in my Love, all my designs may see;  
But what have Love and you design'd for me?  
Fortune, once more, has set the Balance right;  
First, equal'd us in lowness; then, in height.  
Both of us have so long, like Gamblers, thrown,  
Till Fate comes round, and gives to each his own.  
As Fate is equal, so may Love appear:  
Tell me, at least, what I must hope, or fear.

Palm. After so many Proofs, how can you call  
My Love in doubt! fear nothing, and hope all.  
Think what a Prince, with Honour, may receive,  
Or I may give, without a Parents leave.

Leon. You give, and then restrain the Grace you show;  
As ostentatious Priests, when Souls they woo,  
Promise their Heav'n to all, but grant to few.  
But do for me, what I have dar'd for you,  
I did no Argument from Duty bring:  
Duty's a Name, and Love's a Real Thing.

Palm. Man's Love may, like wild torrents, overflow;  
Woman's as deep, but in its Banks must go.  
My Love is mine; and that I can impart;  
But cannot give my Person with my Heart.

Leon. Your Love is then no Gift:  
For when the Person it does not convey,  
'Tis to give Gold, and not to give the Key.

Palm. Then ask my Father.

Leon. ——— He detains my Throne:  
Why holds back mine, will hardly give his own.  
Palm. What then remains?

Leon. ——— That I must have recourse  
To Arms; and take my Love and Crown by force.  
Hermogenes is forming the design;  
And with him all the Brave and Loyal join.

Palm. And is it thus you court Palmira's Bed?  
Can she the Murderer of her Parent wed?

Desist from force: So much as you well may give  
To Love, and me, to let my Father live.

*Leon.* Each Act of mine my Love to you has shown;  
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.

You bid me part with you, and let him live;  
But they should nothing ask, who nothing give.

*Palm.* I give what Virtue, and what Duty can,  
In vowing ne'r to wed another Man.

*Leon.* You will be forc'd to be *Aryalon's* Wife.

*Palm.* I'll keep my Promise, though I lose my Life.

*Leon.* Then you lose Love, for which we both contend:  
For Life is but the means, but Love's the end.

*Palm.* Our Souls shall love hereafter.

*Leon.* ———— Too much fear,  
That Soul which could deny the Body here,  
Totaſte of Love, would be a Niggard there.

*Palm.* Then 'tis past hope: Our cruel Fate, I fear,  
Will make a sad divorce 'twixt you and me;  
For, if you force employ, by Heav'n I swear,  
And all blest'd Beings,

*Leon.* ———— Your rash Oath forbear.

*Palm.* I never ————

*Leon.* ———— Hold once more. But, yet, as he  
Who ſcapes a dangerous leap, looks back to ſee;  
So I deſire, now I am paſt my fear,

To know what was that Oath you meant to ſwear.

*Palm.* I meant, that if you hazarded your Life,  
or ſought my Father's, ne'r to be your Wife.

*Leon.* See now, *Palmyra*, how unkind you prove!  
Could you, with ſo much eaſe, forſwear my love?

*Palm.* You force me with your ruinous deſign.

*Leon.* Your Father's Life is more your Care, than Mine.

*Palm.* You wrong me: 'Tis not; though it ought to be;  
You are my Care, Heav'n knows, as well as he.

*Leon.* If now the execution I delay,  
My Honour, and my Subjects I betray.

All is prepar'd for the juſt Enterprize;

And the whole City will to-morrow riſe.

The Leaders of the Party are within,

And *Eubulus* has ſworn, that he will bring,

To head their Arms, the Perſon of their King.

*Palm.* In telling this, you make me guilty too;  
I therefore muſt diſcover what I know.

What Honour bids you do, Nature bids me prevent;

But kill me firſt, and then purſue your black intent.

*Leon.* *Palmyra*, no; you ſhall not need to die;

Yet I will not truſt ſo ſtrict a Piety.

(Within there.)

*Enter*



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*Enter Eubulus*

*Eubulus*, a Guard prepare;

Here, I commit this Prisoner to your care.

*[Kisses Palmyra's Hand; then gives it to Eubulus.]*

*Palm. Leonidas*, I never thought these Bands  
Could e'er be giv'n me by a Lover's Hands.

*Leon. Palmyr*, thus your Judge himself arraigns;  
He who impos'd these Bands, still wears your Chains:  
When you to Love or Duty false must be,  
Or to your Father guilty, or to me,  
These Chains, alone, remain to let you free.

*[Kneeling.]*

*[Noise of Swords clashing.]*

*Poly. (Within)* Secure these first; then search the inner Room.

*Leon*. From whence do these tumultuous Clamours come?

*Enter Hermogenes hastily.*

*Herm.* We are betray'd, and there remains alone  
This comfort, that your Person is not known.

*Enter the King, Argaleon, Rhodophil, Palamede, Guards;*  
*some like Citizens and Prisoners.*

*Poly*. What mean this Midnight Consultations here,  
Where I, like an unsummon'd Guest appear?

*Leon. Sir* — There needs no excuse; 'tis understood;  
You were all watching, for your Prince's good.

*Poly*. My Reverend City Friends, you are well met!  
On what great work were your grave Wildoms set?  
Which of my Actions were you scanning here?  
What French Invasion have you found to fear?

*Leon*. They are my Friends; and come, Sir, with intent  
To take their leaves before my Banishment.

*Poly*. Your exile, in both Sexes, Friends can find:  
I see the Ladies, like the Men, are kind.

*[Seeing Palmyra.]*

*Palm*. Alas, I came but —

*[Kneeling.]*

*Poly* — Add not to your Crime

A Lye: I'll here you speak some other time.

How? *Eubulus*: nor tiths, nor thy disguise,

Can keep thee, undiscover'd, from my Eyes.

A Guard there; seize 'em all.

*Rbo*. Yield, Sir; what use of valour can be shewn?

*Pal*. One, and unarm'd, against a multitude!

O for a Sword!

*[He reaches at one of the Guards Halberds, and is seiz'd behind.]*

I won't lose my Breath  
In fruitless Pray'rs; but beg a speedy Death.

*Palm*. O spare *Leonidas*, and punish me.

H 2

*Poly*

*Poly.* Mean Girl, thou want'st an Advocate for thee.  
 Now the Myfterious Knot will be untied;  
 Whether the young King lives, or where he dy'd;  
 To-Morrow's Dawn shall the dark Riddle clear;  
 Crown all my joys, and dissipate my fear.

[Exeunt omnes.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Palamede, Straton. Palamede with a Letter in his hand.*

*Pal.* This Evening, say'st thou? Will they both be here?

*Strat.* Yes, Sir; both my old Master, and your Mistress's Father: The old Gentleman rid hard this Journey; they say, it shall be the last time they will see the Town; and both of 'em are so pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live some years longer to trouble you, with the joy of it.

*Pal.* But this is such an unreasonable thing, to impose upon me to be marry'd to Morrow; 'tis hurrying a man to execution, without giving him time to say his prayers.

*Strat.* Yet, if I might advise you, Sir, you should not delay it: For your younger Brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their favours. He has gain'd much upon my old Master, by finding fault with Inn-keepers Bills, and by shewing us and our Horses, to shew his Frugality; and he is very well with your Mistress's Father, by giving him Receipts for the Spleen, Gout, and Scurvy, and other Infirmities of Old Age.

*Pal.* I'll rout him, and his Country Education: Pox on him, I remember him before I travell'd he had nothing in him but meer Jocky; us'd to talk loud, and make Marches, and was all for the crack of the Field: Sense and Wit were as much banish'd from his discourse, as they are when the Court goes out of Town to a Horse-race. Go now and provide your Master's Lodgings.

*Strat.* I go, Sir.

*Pal.* It vexes me to the heart, to leave all my designs with *Doralice* unfinished; to have shewn her so often to a mark, and still to be bob'd at retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her, though I could not have satisfi'd my stomach with the feast, at least I should have relish'd my mouth a little; but now

*Enter Philotis.*

*Phil.* Oh, Sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

*Pal.* From your Lady, I hope.

*Phil.* Partly from her; but more especially from my self: She has just now receiv'd a Letter from her Father, with an absolute command to dis-  
 ose her self, to marry you to-morrow.

*Pal.*

*Pal.* And she takes it to the death?

*Phil.* Quite contrary: The Letter could never have come in a more lucky minute; for it found her in an ill humour with a Rival of yours, that shall be nameless, about the pronunciation of a French word.

*Pal.* Count *Rhodophil*, never disguise it, I know the *Amour*: But I hope you took the occasion to strike in for me?

*Phil.* It was my good fortune to do you some small service in it; for your sake I discommended him all over: Cloaths, Person, Humour, Behaviour, every thing; and to sum up all, told her, It was impossible to find a marry'd man that was otherwise; for they were all so mortified at home with their Wives ill Humours, that they could never recover themselves to be company abroad.

*Pal.* Most divinely urg'd!

*Phil.* Then I took occasion to commend your good qualities; as, the sweetness of your Humour, the comeliness of your Person, your good Manners, your Valour; but above all, your Liberality.

*Pal.* I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good quality in myself, if thou hadst not remember'd me on't: Here are five Pieces for thee.

*Phil.* Lord, you have the softest hand, Sir! it would do a Woman good to touch it: Count *Rhodophil*'s is not half so soft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me ten Pieces for my New Years-Gift.

*Pal.* O, I understand you, Madam; you shall find my hand as soft again as Count *Rhodophil*'s: There are twenty Pieces for you: The former was but a Retaining Fee; now I hope you'll plead for me.

*Phil.* Your own Merits speak enough. Be sure only to ply her with French words, and I'll warrant you'll do your business. Here are a list of her phrases for this day: Use 'em to her upon all occasions, and foil her at her own weapon; for she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it be the man who has first conquer'd her.

*Pal.* I'll be sure to follow your advice: But you'll forget to further my design.

*Phil.* What, do you think I'll be ungrateful? —

— But, however, if you distrust my Memory, put some token on my finger to remember it by: that Diamond there would do admirably.

*Pal.* There 'tis; and I ask your pardon heartily for calling your Memory into question: I assure you I'll trust it another time, without putting you to the trouble of another token.

*Enter Palmyra and Artemis.*

*Art.* Madam, This way the Prisoners are to pass; Here you may see *Leonidas*.

*Pal.* Then here I'll stay, and follow him to death.

*Enter Melancha hastily.*

*Mela.* O, here's her Highness! Now is my time to introduce my self, and to make my court to her, in my

my new French phrases. Stay, let me read my catalogue—*Suite, figure, chagrin, naïvete*, and let me die for the Parenthesis of all.

*Pal. (Aside.)* Do, persecute her; and I'll persecute thee as fast in thy own dialect.

*Mel.* Madam the Princess! let me die, but this is a most horrid spectacle, to see a Person who makes so grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suite* of a Princess, and entertaining your *Chagrin* all alone; (*Naïvete* should have been there, but the disobedient word would not come in.)

*Pal.* What is she, *Artemis*?

*Art.* An impertinent Lady, Madam; very ambitious of being known to your Highness.

*Pal. (to Melantha.)* Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited you here these two long hours, without so much as the *Suite* of a single Servant to attend me; entertaining my self with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the honour to see your Ladyship, who are a person that makes so considerable a figure in the Court.

*Mel.* Truce with your *douceurs*, good servant; you see I am addressing to the Princess; pray do not embarrass me—embarrass me! what a delicious French word do you make me lose upon you too!

(*To the Princess.*) Your Highness, Madam, will please to pardon the *Bevère* which I made, in not sooner finding you out to be a Princess! But let me die, if this *Eclaircissement* which is made this day of your quality, does not ravish me; and give me leave to tell you—

*Pal.* But first give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have so great a tender for your person, and such a *penchant* to do you service, that—

*Mel.* What, must I still be troubled with your *Sottises*? (*There's another word lost, that I meant for the Princess, with a mischief to you.*) But your Highness, Madam—

*Pal.* But your Ladyship, Madam—

*Enter Leonidas, guarded, and lead over the Stage.*

*Mel.* Out upon him, how he looks, Madam! now he's found no Prince, he is the strangest figure of a Man; how could I make that *Coup d'étourdy* to think him one?

*Pal.* Away, impertinent—My dear *Leonidas*!

*Leon.* My dear *Palmyra*!

*Pal.* Death shall never part us; My Destiny is yours.

*Mel.* Impertinent! Oh I am the most unfortunate person this day breathing: that the Princess should thus *rompre en visiere*, without occasion. Let me die, but I'll follow her to death, till I make my peace.

*Pal. (Holding her.)* And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals till you pity me.

*Mel. (Turning towards him angrily.)* Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princess, and all that, which has ruin'd me and all that, and therefore let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

*Pal. Fa.*



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*Pal.* *Façon, façon*, you must, and shall love me, and all that; for my old man is coming up, and all that; and I am *désespéré au dernier*, and will not be disinherited, and all that.

*Mel.* How durst you interrupt me so *mal à propos*, when you knew I was addressing to the Princess?

*Pal.* But why would you address your self so much *à contretemps* then?

*Mel.* Ah *mal peste!*

*Pal.* Ah *l'enrage!*

*Phil.* *Radoucissez vous, de grace, Madame; vous êtes bien en colere pour peu de chose. Vous n'entendez pas la raillerie gallante.*

*Mel.* *Ad autres, ad autres:* he mocks himself of me, he abuses me: ah me *unfortunate!* [Cries &

*Phil.* You mistake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his phrase to your refined language. *Ab, qu'il est un Cavalier accompli!* pursue your point, Sir ——— [To him.

*Pal.* *Ab qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages;*

[Singing.

*Ab que le ciel donne un beau jour!*  
There I was with you, with a minuet.

*Mel.* Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and extremely *French* in him: [Laughs.

But then, that he should use my own words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [Crying.

*Pal.* *Ces beaux sejours, ces doux ramages* ——— [Singing.

*Mel.* *Ces beaux sejours, ces doux ramages,* [Singing after him.  
*Ces beaux sejours, nous invitent à l'amour!* Let me die but he sings *en Cavalier*, and so humours the Cadence. [Laughing.

*Pal.* *Voy, ma Clymene, voy sous ce chesne,* [Singing again.  
*S'entrebaiser ces oiseaux amoureux!* Let me die now, but that was fine.

Ah, now, for three or four brisk *Frenchmen*, to be put into *Masquing* habits, and to sing it on a Theatre, how witty it would be! and then to dance helter skelter to a *Chanson à boire: toute la terre, toute la terre est à moi!* what's matter though it were made, and sung, two or three years ago in *Cabarets*, how it would attract the admiration, especially of every one that's an *erveille!*

*Mel.* Well, I begin to have a tender for you; but yet, upon condition, that ——— when we are marri'd, you ———

[*Pal. sings, while she speaks.*

*Phil.* You must drown her voice; if she makes her *French* conditions, you are a slave for ever.

*Mel.* First, will you engage ——— that

*Pal.* *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

[Loudly.

*Mel.* Will you hear the conditions?

*Pal.* No; I will hear no conditions! I am resolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very airy, with abundance of noise, and no sense: *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

*Ms.*

*Mel.* Hold, hold: I am vanquish'd with your *gayer d'esperit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve, ny condition*: and let me die, if I do not think my self the happiest Nymph in *Sicily*. My dear French Dear, stay but a *minute*, till I *raccommode* my self with the Princess; and then I am yours, *jusq' a la mort*.

*Allons done*

[*Exeunt Mel. Philot.*]

*Pal.* (*Solus, fanning himself with his hat.*) I never thought before that wooing was so laborious an exercise; if she were worth a million, I have deserv'd her; and now, methinks too, with taking all this pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis so; I have known many, who never car'd for Hare nor Partridge, but those they caught themselves would eat heartily: the pains, and the story a man tells of the taking of 'em, makes the meat go down more pleasantly. Besides, last night I had a sweet dream of her, and, Gad, she I have once dream'd of, I am stark mad till I enjoy her; let her be never so ugly.

*Enter Doralice.*

*Dor.* Who's that you are so mad to enjoy, *Palamede*?

*Pal.* You may easily imagine that, sweet *Doralice*.

*Dor.* More easily than you think I can: I met just now with a certain man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman, yclipped your Father; whereby I am given to understand, that to-morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go ill dress'd and slovenly, to get Heirs for your Estate, and to dandle 'em for your diversion; and, in short, that Love and Courtship are to be no more.

*Pal.* Now have I so much shame to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither speak nor look upon you; I have abundance of grace in me, that I find: But if you have any spark of true friendship in you, retire a little with me to the next room, that has a couch or bed in't, and bestow your charity upon a poor dying man; a little comfort from a Mistress, before a man is going to give himself in Marriage, is as good as a lusty dose of Strong-water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the sense of Hell, and hanging from him.

*Dor.* No, good *Palamede*, I must not be so injurious to your Bride: 'tis ill drawing from the Bank to day, when all your ready money is payable to-morrow.

*Bab.* A Wife is only to have the ripe fruit, that falls of it self; but a wife man will always preserve a shaking for a Mistress.

*Dor.* But a Wife for the first quarter is a Mistress.

*Pal.* But when the second comes.

*Dor.* When it does come, you are so given to variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another quarter.

*Pal.* No, never, except I were married to you: marry'd people can never oblige one another; for all they do is duty, and consequently there can be no thanks: but love is more frank and generous than he is honest; he's a liberal giver, but a cursed pay-master.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* I declare I will have no Gallant; but, if I would, he should never be a mari'd man; a mari'd man is but a Mistress's half-servant, as a Clergy-man is but the King's half-subject: for a man to come to me that smells o'th' Wife! 's life, I wou'd as soon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

*Pal.* Yet 'tis a kind of fashion to wear a Princess's cast shoes, you see the Country Ladies buy 'em to be fine in them.

*Dor.* Yes, a Princess's shoes may be worn after her, because they keep their fashion, by being so very little us'd; but generally a mari'd man is a creature of the world the most out of fashion; his behaviour is dumpish, his discourse his Wife and Family, his habit so much neglected it looks as if that were mari'd too; his Hat is mari'd, his Perruke is mari'd, his Breeches are mari'd, and if we could look within his Breeches, we should find him mari'd there too.

*Pal.* Am I then to be discarded for ever? pray do but mark how terrible that word sounds; For ever! it has a very damn'd sound, *Doralice.*

*Dor.* Ay, for ever! it sounds as hellishly to me, as it can do to you, but there's no help for't.

*Pal.* Yet if we had but once enjoy'd one another; but then once only, is worse than not at all: it leaves a man with such a lingering after it.

*Dor.* For ought I know 'tis better that we have not; we might upon trial have lik'd each other less, as many a man and woman, that have lov'd as desperately as we, and yet when they came to possession, have fight'd, and cri'd to themselves, Is this all?

*Pal.* That is only, if the Servant were not found a man of this world; but if, upon trial, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater happiness of the two.

*Dor.* 'Tis better as 'tis, we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after possessing, the rest is but jealousies, and disquiets, and quarrelling, and piecing.

*Pal.* Nay, after one great quarrel, there's never any sound piecing; the love is apt to break in the same place again.

*Dor.* I declare I would never renew a love; that's like him who trims an old Coach for ten years together, he might buy a new one better cheap.

*Pal.* Well, Madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis best for us not to have enjoy'd; but Gad, the strongest reason is, because I can't help it.

*Dor.* The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to enjoy, as they keep Grapes by hanging 'em upon a line, they must touch nothing if you would preserve 'em fresh.

*Pal.* But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping; however I shall have a warmth for you, and an eagerness, every time I see you; and if I chance to out-live *Melantha*

*Dor.* And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*

*Pal.*

*Pal.* Well, I'll cherish my Body as much as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindness, I'll put as far as another man: I'll begin to morrow night, and be very wrathful with her, that's resolv'd on.

*Dor.* Well, *Palamede*, here's my hand, I'll venture to be your second Wife, for all your threatnings.

*Pal.* In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeness of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave now and then to look on you, and to see if you are not ready to be cut yet.

*Dor.* No, no, that must not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener should come and catch you taking up the glass.

Enter Rhodophil.

*Rbo.* (*Aside.*) Billing so sweetly! now I am confirm'd in my suspicions; I must put an end to this, ere it go further. [*Aside.*

(*To Doralice.*) Cry you mercy, Spouse; I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

*Dor.* What Recreations?

*Rbo.* Nay, no excuses, good Spouse; I saw fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and press, as though you had been squeezing soft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I must clear this Reckoning; why would you have seduc'd my Wife?

*Pal.* Why would you have debauch'd my Mistress?

*Rbo.* What do you think of that Civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd, *Hide and Seek*, last Evening, in the Grotto?

*Pal.* What do you think of that Innocent Pair, who made it their pretence to seek for others, but came, indeed, to hide themselves there?

*Rbo.* All things consider'd, I begin vehemently to suspect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company last Night, was a certain Youth of my acquaintance.

*Pal.* And I have an odd Imagination, that you could never have suspected my small Gallant, if your little villanous Frenchman had not been a false Brother.

*Rbo.* Farther Arguments are needless; Draw off; I shall speak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

*Pal.* And I shall answer you by the way of Danger-field. [*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

*Dor.* Hold, hold; are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

*Pal.* How for nothing? he courts the Woman I must marry.

*Rbo.* And he courts you whom I have marry'd.

*Dor.* But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

*Rbo.* Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect that I love you better than I thought.

*Pal.* Pish!



Pal. Pish ! A mear Jealousie of Honour.

Rbo. Gad I am afraid there's something else in't ; for *Palamede* has Wit, and if he loves you, there's something more in ye than I have found ; some rich Mine, for ought I know, that I have not yet discover'd.

Pal. 'S life, what's this ? Here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha* ; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine : But, if there be, I am resolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. (To *Rhod.*) Then I have found my account in raising your jealousy : O ! 'tis the most delicate sharp sawce to a cloy'd stomach ; it will give you a new edge, *Rhodophil*.

Rbo. And a new point too, *Doralice*, if I could be sure thou art honest.

Dor. If you art wise, believe me for your own sake : Love and Religion have but one thing to trust to ; that's a good sound Faith. Consider, if I have play'd false, you can never find it out by any experiment you can make upon me.

Rbo. No ? Why, suppose I had a delicate screw'd Gun, if I left her clean, and found her foul, I should discover, to my cost, she had been shot in.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only rusty, you would discover, to your shame, she was only so for want of shooting.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I speak for fear ; and therefore in consideration of our past friendship, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rbo. Friend, I will believe you, and vow the same for your *Melantha* ; but the Devil on't is, how we shall keep 'em so ?

Pal. What dost think of a blessed Community betwixt us four, for the solace of the Women, and relief of the Men ? Methinks it would be a pleasant kind of life : Wife and Husband for the standing Dish, and Mistriß and Gallant for the Desert.

Rbo. But suppose the Wife and the Mistriß should both long for the standing Dish, how should they be satisf'd together ?

Pal. In such a case they must draw Lots ; and yet that would not do neither ; for they would be both wishing for the longest out.

Rbo. Then I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each others Property.

Pal. Content, say I. From henceforth let all Acts of Hostility cease betwixt us ; and that in the usual form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all Fresh Waters.

Dor. I will add but one *Proviso*, that whoever breaks the League, either by War abroad, or by neglect at home, both the Women shall revenge themselves, by the help of the other party.

Rbo. That's but reasonable. Come away, *Doralice* ; I have a great temptation to be sealing Articles in private.

Pal. Hast thou so ?

(Claps him on the shoulder.

Fall

Fall on, *Macduff*,

And 'twere be he that first cries, Hold, enough!

*Enter Polydamas, Palmyra, Artemis, Argalcom, and others.*

*Eubulus and Hermogenes, guarded.*

*Palm.* Sir, on my knees I beg you.

*Pol.* Away, I'll hear no more.

*Palm.* For my dead Mother's sake; you say you lov'd her,  
And tell me I resemble her. Thus she  
Had begg'd.

*Pol.* ———— And thus had I deny'd her.

*Palm.* You must be merciful.

*Arga.* ———— You must be constant.

*Pol.* Go, bear 'em to the torture; you have boasted  
You have a King to head you: I would know  
To whom I must resign.

*Eub.* ———— This is our recompence  
For serving the dead Queen.

*Her.* ———— And Education  
Of thy Daughter.

*Arga.* You are too modest, in not naming all  
His Obligations to you: Why did you

Quit his Son, the Prince *Leonidas*?

*Pol.* That Imposture  
I had forgot; their tortures shall be doubled.

*Her.* You please me, I shall die the sooner.

*Eub.* No; could I live an Age, and still be rack'd;  
I still would keep the secret. *(As they are going off.)*

*Enter Leonidas, guarded.*

*Leon.* Oh whither do you hurry Innocence!  
If you have any Justice, spare their Lives;  
Or if I cannot make you just, at least  
P'll teach you to more purpose to be cruel.

*Palm.* Alas, what does he seek?

*Leon.* Make me the Object of your hate and vengeance.  
Are these decrepid Bodies worn to ruine,  
Just ready, of themselves, to fall asunder,  
And to let drop the Soul,

Are these fit Subjects for a Rack, and Tortures?  
Where would you fasten any hold upon 'em?

Place pains on me; unbind fix 'em here;  
I have bot' Youth, and Strength, and Soul to bear 'em;  
And if they merit Death, then I much more;  
Since 'tis for me they suffer.

*Her.* ———— Heaven forbid  
We should redeem our pains, or worthless lives,  
By our exposing yours.

*Eub.* Away with us: Farewell, Sir.

I only suffer in my fears for you.

Arga. So much concerned for him, when my  
Suspicion's true.

Hear yet my last request for poor Leonidas;

Or take my life with his.

Arga. Rest satisfied; Leonidas is he.

Pol. I am amazed. What must be done?

Arga. Command his execution instantly;

Give him not leisure to discover it;

He may corrupt the Soldiers;

Pol. Hence with that Traitor; bear him to his death;

Haste there, and see my Will perform'd.

Leon. Nay then, I'll die like him the Gods have made me;

Hold, Gentlemen; I am—

Arga. Thou art a Traytor; 'tis not fit to hear thee.

Leon. I say, I am the—

Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off—

Leonidas Herimogenes Eubulus led off.

Polydamas and Argaleon follow.

Palm. Duty and Love, by turns possess my Soul,

And struggle for a fatal Victory;

I will discover he's the King; Ah, no;

That will perhaps save him;

But then I am guilty of a Father's ruine.

What shall I do, or not do, either way?

I must destroy a Parent, or a Lover.

Break, Heart; for that's the least of ill to me;

And Death the only cure.

Arce. Help, help the Princess.

Rho. Bear her gently hence, where she may

Have more succour.

Pol. What noise is that?

Enter Amalthaea, I running.

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,

Or Courage, shew it now.

Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching

A sword from one, his back against the Scaffold,

Bravely defends himself, and owns aloud

He is our long lost King, found for this moment;

But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.

Two of his Guards, mov'd by the sense of Virtue,

Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at Bay.

Against an Host of Foes.

Rho. Madam, no more;

We lose time: My Command, or my Example,

May move the Soldiers to the better cause.

You'll

You'll second me?

*Pal.* Or die with you; no subject ever can meet  
A nobler fate, than at his Sovereign's Feet.

*Enter Leonidas, Rhodophil, Palamede, Eubulus, Hermogenes, and their Party, victorious.*

*Polydamas and Argaleon disarm'd.*

*Leon.* That I survive the dangers of this day,  
Next to the Gods, brave Friends, be yours the honour.  
And let Heav'n witness for me, that my joy  
Is not more great for this my right restor'd,  
Than 'tis, that I have power to recompence  
Your Loyalty and Valour. Let mean Princes  
Of abject Souls, fear to reward great Actions;  
I mean to shew,

That what poor subjects, like you, dare merit,  
A King, like me, dares give —

*Rho.* You make us blush, we have deserv'd so little.

*Pal.* And yet instruct us how to merit more.

*Leon.* And as I would be just in my rewards,  
So should I in my punishments; these two  
This the Usurper of my Crown, the other  
Of my *Palmyra's* love, deserve that death  
Which both design'd for me.

*Pol.* ————— And we expect it.

*Arga.* I have too long been happy to live wretched.

*Pol.* And I too long have govern'd, to desire  
A life without an Empire.

*Leon.* You are *Palmyra's* father; and as such,  
Though not a King, shall have obedience paid  
From him who is one. Father, in that name,  
All injuries forgot, and duty own'd. [*Embraces him.*]

*Pol.* O, had I known you could have been this King,  
Thus God-like, great and good; I should have wish'd  
T'have been dethron'd before. 'Tis now I live,  
And more than Reign; now all my joys flow pure,  
Unmix'd with cares, and undisturb'd by conscience.

*Enter Palmyra, Antiothea, Artemis, Doralice, and Melantha.*

*Leon.* See, my *Palmyra* comes! the frighted blood  
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks.  
Like the first streaks of light broke loose from darkness,  
And dawning into blushes. ———— Sir, you said

Your joys were full; Oh, would you make mine so!  
I am but half-restor'd without this blessing. [*To Polyda.*]

*Pol.* The Gods, and my *Palmyra*, make you happy,  
As you make me. [*Gives her hand to Leonidas.*]

*Palmy.* ———— Now all my Prayers are heard:

I may



I may be Dutiful, and yet may Love.  
Virtue, and Patience, have at length unweild  
The Knots which Fortune ty'd.

*Mel.* Let me die, but I'll Congratulate his  
Majesty: How admirably well his Royalty  
Becomes him! Becomes! that is *lux stied*, but our damn'd Language ex-  
presses nothing.

*Pal.* How? Does it become him already? 'twas but just now you said,  
he was such a Figure of a Man.

*Mel.* True, my Dear, when he was a private Man he was a Figure;  
but since he is a King, methinks he has assum'd another Figure: He  
looks so grand, and so August. [Going to the King.]

*Pal.* Stay, stay; I'll present you when it is more convenient. I find  
I must get her a place at Court; and when she is once there, she can  
be no longer Ridiculous; for she is young enough, and pretty enough, and  
Fool enough, and *French* enough, to bring up a Fashion there to be affected.

*Leon.* (To Rhodophil) Did she then lead you to this brave Attempt?

(To Amalthea) To you, fair *Amalthea*, what I am,  
And what all these, from me, we joyndly owe:  
First, therefore, to your great desert, give  
Your Brother's Life; but keep him under Guard;  
Till our new Power be settled. What more grace  
He may receive, shall from his future Carriage  
Be given, as he deserves.

*Arga.* I neither now desire, nor will deserve it;  
My loss is such as cannot be repair'd.  
And to the wretched, Life can be no Mercy.

*Leon.* Then be a Prisoner always: Thy ill Fate,  
And Pride will have it so: But since, in this, I cannot;  
Instruct me, generous *Amalthea*, how  
A King may serve you.

*Amal.* ——— I have all I hope,  
And all I now must wish; I see you happy.  
Those Hours I have to live, which Heav'n in pity  
Will make but few, I vow to spend with Vitals:  
The greatest part, in Prayers for you; the rest  
In Mourning my unworthiness.  
Press me not farther to explain my self;  
'Twill not become me, and may cause your trouble.

*Leon.* Too well I understand her secret Grief,  
But dare not seem to know it. — Come my fairest. [Aside.]  
(To Palmyra.)

Beyond my Crown, I have one Joy in Store;  
To give that Crown to her whom I adore. [Exeunt omnes.]

# Epilogue.

Thus have my Spouse and I inform'd the Nation,  
And led you all the way to Reformation;  
Nor with dull Morals, gravely, as of old,  
Which Men of taste Pile up with care compile,  
Your Poets of stiff Words, and limber Sense,  
Born on the Confiner of Indifference,  
But by Examples drawn, I dare to say,  
From most of you, who hear and see the Play,  
There are more Rhodophils in this Theatre,  
More Palamedes, and some few Wives I fear,  
But yet too far our Poet would not run,  
Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done,  
He would not quite the Woman's frailty bare,  
But stript 'em to the waist, and left 'em there,  
And the Men's Faults are left severely shown,  
For he considers that himself is one,  
Some stabbing Wits, so bloody Satyr bent,  
Would treat both Sexes with less Compliment,  
Would lay the Scene at home, of Husbands tell,  
For Wenches, taking up their Wives and Moll,  
And a brisk Bout which each of them did want,  
Made by mistake of Mistresses and Gallants,  
Our modest Author, thought it was enough  
To cut you off a Sample of the Stuff,  
He spar'd my Shame, which you, I'm sure, would not;  
For you were all for driving up the Plot;  
You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,  
And set your Teeth when each design fell short,  
To Wives and Servants all good Wishes lend,  
But the poor Cuckold seldom finds a Friend,  
Since therefore Court and Town will take no pity,  
I humbly cast my self upon the City.

FINIS.

